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BY

HENRY W. CARSTENS.

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TO

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY

This Book

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

TO THE AMERICAN READER.

In case you might think it strange that an unknown author should have asked permission from your worthiest and most renowned Poetess, to dedicate to her his first literary production in this country, — allow me to state thus much.

I read once a part of the first story my book contains, to a small circle, in the presence of some of Mrs. Sigourney's personal friends. They were very much pleased with it, and one of them remarked, "How much would Mrs. Sigourney like to read this story; she herself has written so beautifully about the flowers." Since then I have read what this lady alluded to, and by a feeble expression of my high esteem for the authoress of so beautiful poems, I wished to add my humble share to the tribute of admiration which a whole nation pays Mrs. Sigourney so justly and willingly.

Boston, January 8, 1855.

CONTENTS.

First Leaf — What the Woods talk about.

Page.

The Poppy 11

The Pine-tree 24

The Forest-brook 40

The Stone 52

The Poet 78

Second Leaf — Original Compositions.

Religion or Love, an Allegory 85

A Parable 91

The four Seasons in Man's Life 96

Germany in the Spring of 1848. A Vision . . . 110

An Author's Fate 115

A Voyage across the Atlantic 129

A Visit at the President's House 159

Third Leaf.

A Lecture delivered in Boston, Sept. 27, 1854 . . 171

FIRST LEAF.

WHAT THE WOODS TALK ABOUT.

BY

GUSTAV ZU PUTLITZ.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY

HENRY W. CARSTENS.

THE POPPY.

We are mistaken when we believe that the Flowers cannot do anything except bud, blossom, shed their odor, and wither; for this opinion, however many supporters it may have, has only been forced upon us by our own selfishness, which fain would make us believe that everything in nature is existing only for our sake, and that the Flowers, since we can only perceive their external life, have not at all an internal one. But, as I said, it is not so, and just as every Flower has its own character, as one is modest, the other proud and vain, this one gay and showy, that one obscure and insignificant, or as they otherwise may exhibit themselves in colors and habits, thus also has each one its own wishes, endeavors, joys, sorrows, and loves; but all of them have a preponderating patriotism, that is, not only an attachment for the country, but even for the spot in which they have

grown up, so that they cannot exist anywhere else: a feeling which people think they have often found to be missing in men in these latter times. But the Flowers have also a means of communication, and if any one, perchance, should understand their language, into his ear they might whisper many a poem, many a wonderful tale. During many a night (for this especially is their time for communication, as we soon shall see) he would like to listen to them on the flowery field, and all the checkered images which would be exhibited before him, probably would appear to him like a beautiful poetical dream.

The narrator of this present wonderful story also was once, during a fragrant moonlit night, lying on the blooming tapestry of the woods, and was listening or dreaming, — which many a one sooner will believe of him; there he heard all at once a thousand soft voices rise from out the Flowers. It is likely that a friendly Elf, to whom he once unconsciously had rendered a service somehow or other, had lent him his faculty of hearing for the night. In a melancholy strain the Reed-grass whispered a long lyric poem into the ear of its neighbor, and the neighbor was listening attentively. The Corn-poppy (Klatschrose) was prattling among it, she who is the *chronique scan-*

daleuse among the Flowers, and represents the literature of Mrs. Grundy. Not far from thence red Moss-blossoms were tittering together, and certainly had just then told each other something very funny. The Bell-flower, it is true, was silent, but she continually confirmed the speeches of her neighbors by nodding her head to the right and to the left. It was quite different with the Trembling-grass, for it constantly shook its head, and would not believe anything of all that it heard round about it. Whether they had espied the listener, and wished, according to an old adage, to punish him for his intrusion; whether it be, on the whole, a favorite topic with the Flowers, in fine, this time their conversation generally turned upon the injustice and the unkind behavior which men were guilty of in regard to them.

"Dear me," cried a host of Thyme-blossoms in a plaintive manner, "there again the coarse foot of a man has crushed our dearest sisters."

"Yes, they do not heed us at all," said a Pink-catchfly which was very anxious to be noticed, and raised herself, therefore, very high on her slender stem, "however tenderly we may attach ourselves and cling to them. I would not complain, if they destroyed us, because we were noxious to them like the Hemlock! But nothing is harder to bear than

their slighting us so. Really, they even do not think it worth while to turn their foot aside on our account."

"Not so," whispered soothingly a Forget-me-not; "to conclude from your speeches, one would think men to be very unjust towards us. And yet I can disprove your reproaches. Are we not to them the most favorite ornament on festive occasions? and do they not always choose us as messengers for their most holy feelings — for love?"

"Those times are past, long ago," said the Sorrel, quite out of humor. "Do not men, puffed up in their pride, deem themselves justified to meddle with the Creator's affairs, — yes, even to improve upon his works, by trying to imitate us in paltry, painted paper things, — yea, trying to reproduce us in greater beauty? And with what do they adorn themselves now, — with us, or with those despicable imitations? For messengers of love they also take us, only because they have nothing better; besides, this language of Flowers is long since out of fashion — they call it sentimentality, and ridicule it."

"I would let all these things pass," began the Lily; "how can men respect our feelings, if they do not know them? But they ought not to deny them where they obviously encounter them. Only

think of this! When the night has passed away, and we look around us in the morning twilight, then always one or the other of our playmates is missing, who either bowed already its head in the evening twilight, or whom a fierce night wind stripped of its leaves. Then we mourn for them, and tears stand in our eyes. Men see that; but, without endeavoring to understand it, they deny that these drops are tokens of our feelings and of our grief; and they say that is the dew which the morning fog has poured out upon us."

This proof of men's injustice probably had been so conclusive, that none of them had anything to reply or to add in that moment. Then there was forming not far from me a group around a shining high-grown Poppy. For a long time already I had observed that her neighbors had laid their heads together, and had in no way participated in that dispute which was so very little flattering to me. Now, when this pause ensued, the Cowslip, whilst ringing her little bells, exclaimed, "Hush, hush, sisters, the Poppy will tell us something!" "The Poppy will tell a story," they cried — "hush, hush!" And everybody listened; for even the Reed-grass had just now finished its long poem.

The Poppy raised herself on her slender stem, looked around, and then bowed several times

hither and thither. I had expected she would allow herself to be entreated for a long time, would pretend to be hoarse, and would at least make a preamble of many excuses; but at that time, I reckon, this was not yet customary among the Flowers, for the Poppy began to relate forthwith: "You will listen to me? Well, then, I will tell you, how, according to old venerable traditions which have been handed down in my race from one generation to another, we Poppies owe our existence to a quite peculiar incident; for you certainly must not believe that, at the creation of the world, we Flowers were all at the same time strewn out over the earth. Oh no, there was one coming after the other, and things were then about so as they now go on in the Spring."

"How then do things go on in the Spring?" thus the Corn-poppy hastily interrupted her.

"You may beforehand ask the Daisy about that, for it is always very early present; but then you must not interrupt me any more in my story."

The Daisy, which generally was very little noticed, and by many even was set down as somewhat simple, whilst its cousin, the Amaranth, on account of its having received a slightly better education, was esteemed a little higher, was at the same time glad and embarrassed at being allowed,

for once, to say a word, and a tinge of red was spreading over its little white leaves, as you certainly have more than once observed on this little Flower. Then it raised gratefully its head to its high patron, and began to speak, without further waiting for any question.

" What harm we have done the Winter, that he cannot endure us poor Flowers, I cannot tell you, and opinions differ widely about this. So much only is certain, that he does not like us, and that he does not rest before he has driven us altogether from the earth. His dominion, however, does not last for ever, and after him comes our best friend, the Spring. He looks quite ruefully round about, when he no more sees a single one of all the gay children which he, at parting, had recommended so earnestly to the Summer, and he must envelop his hair in long gray veils, because he has not yet a single flower or leaf, with which to wind himself a wreath. Then he softly passes his kind, warm hand over the earth; he calls, and he beckons to his darlings, none of whom yet dares to stretch forth its head, for they are yet too much frightened; so much the rough Winter has intimidated them. Surely, this fear is not without foundation, for there are instances, in which the Winter, after he had gone far away, has returned, and has struck

the Flowers on their head. Some Flowers, however, that have a very amiable disposition, do not wish to let the Spring wait so long, and quickly they come forth.

"So does the good Violet. But when it looks around, and the earth appears so very dreary yet, and of all the sisters there are so few awake, then it is afraid, and shyly it hides again its little head under the green leaves. Men call that modesty, but it is rather fear. And then there is awakened in the Violet that intense longing for its companions, which it exhales in its charming odor. Poor Violet! This longing remains unappeased, and when the others have come, its time is fulfilled long ago. But because it is always yet yearning for the other Flowers, it sometimes even comes forth in Autumn for a few days, and its longing is then satisfied. That is, however, the reason why it then no more smells so sweet as during its first bloom."

"Now you see," thus the Poppy took again up her narrative, "in this way things are going on in Spring, and about thus it happened to be at the creation. One Flower came after the other. At that time, however, into which my tales reach, the most of us were already assembled, and it was quite beautiful on the earth, for joy and concord

were reigning everywhere. Beast and man lived peaceably together, and there was nothing but mirth from morning until night. One being only, the single one in the wide, wide creation, did not share this universal happiness, and was wandering, sad, on the young earth: it was the Night. You will ask why she was sad. Now look; she was lonely in this world, where every other being had a companion; and is there any happiness, if we cannot share it?

"Moreover, Night was feeling more and more that she was the only being whom others did not like to approach in love. For, however voluntarily she kindled her little lamps, she had to conceal from men and beasts the beauties of the earth, and that estranged them all from her. Not that they complained about it to her face; but in that joy with which the morning sun was greeted, it was plainly enough expressed how little they were attached to the Night. This, of course, made her sad, for she was good and tender-hearted, and she wrapped her head in her thickest veil in order to weep over her bitter grief. This now quite affected us compassionate Flowers, and when everything turned away from her, we tried to give her some pleasure, as much as our faculties would permit, though there might be very little prospect

of entirely assuaging her grief. We had, however, nothing to offer but colors and odors, and Night had never taken much interest in colors. Thus we spared for her our most fragrant odors; yea, some, for instance the Sweet-rocket, did not smell at all during the daytime, in order to offer all its sweet odors to the Night, and this habit, as it is well known, it has preserved ever since. But all this could not comfort the sorrowful one, and in her grief she threw herself down before the throne of the Creator.

"'Almighty Father,' thus she commenced, 'Thou seest how everything in thy creation is happy; I alone wander over the earth cheerless, lonely, and without being loved, and I have no being to whom I might attach myself in my sorrow. The Day flees from me, however longingly I hasten after him, and like him every created being turns away from me. Therefore, Almighty Father! take pity on me, and give me a companion.'

"Then the Creator smiled in compassion, granted the prayer of Night, created Sleep, and gave him to her for a companion. That the Creator formed him whilst smiling, do you not recognize this by the circumstance, that everybody loves him, that he dispenses nothing but bliss, nothing but happiness and comfort? Night clasped the friend in her

arms; and now quite a different time commenced for her. Not only that she no more felt lonely, but the hearts of all beings turned towards her, since Sleep, the favorite of all that has life, came with her, when she drove the Day away from the earth.

"Soon some other kindly beings were to be found in her train, the children of Night and Sleep—the Dreams. These wandered with the parents over the earth, and soon they had formed friendship with men, who themselves were then yet in their hearts like children. But, alas! this soon changed. Passions awoke in men, and in their souls it began to be more and more gloomy. Children are easily contaminated by bad society, and thus it happened that also some Dreams, by their intercourse with men, became frivolous, deceitful and unpleasing. Sleep observed this change in his children, and was about to expel the degenerate ones from his society; but then the sisters interceded for them and said: 'Allow these brothers to remain with us; they are not so bad as they appear, and we promise thee, as much as is in our power, to make amends whenever they should go a little too far in their mischievousness.' The father granted the wish of his good children; and thus even the bad Dreams remained in his company, who, however, as experience has shown, always have most

wonderfully the greatest predilection for bad men.

"With men, in the mean while, things grew worse and worse. Once, during a splendid night, a man was lying on the fragrant turf, and Sleep and Dreams had approached him; but Sin did not allow them to have any power over him. In his soul there was rising a horrible thought—the thought of fratricide. It was in vain that Sleep poured upon him, from his wand, the soothing drops; it was in vain that the Dreams were hovering about him with their variegated images;—always again he withdrew himself from their soft dominion. Then Sleep called his children to him. 'Let us flee,' said he; 'this man is not worthy of our gifts!' And they fled. When they were far off, Sleep took his wand, half in anger about its having given this time so poor a proof of its power, and stuck it into the ground. On the top of it, the Dreams playfully hung their light, aerial, checkered pictures, which they had intended to make a present of to the man. Night saw this, and breathed life into the wand, that it might take root in the earth. It grew verdant, and concealed ever since, just as before, the drops which call and bring Sleep. And the gifts of the Dreams were formed into tender, variegated, fluttering leaves. Thus we Poppies have originated."

The story was finished, and on all sides the Flowers thankfully bowed to the narrator. When it was daylight, the leaves of a Centifolia were scattering here and there through the woods, and stopped near every Flower which they passed by, whispering to each a sad farewell. And tears hung on all the Flowers.

THE PINE-TREE.

"Please tell me why did the Pine-tree creak, when the Daisy told us that the Winter was angry and could not bear the Flowers?" asked the Linden.

"Because he was out of humor," replied the Oak. "Whenever he is out of humor, he creaks. Have you not yet heard that? When the Wind comes and sweeps through the forest, then it calls out to us Trees: 'Bend!' But the Pine says: 'Stand firm!' And when the Trees of the forest then have fears yet, and pay their homage to the Wind, the Pine remains standing quite prim, and only turns disapprovingly round, and creaks because he is angry."

"Well, what has that to do with the Winter and the Daisy?" said the Linden.

"Ask him, please ask him," chattered the Poplar; "you then will hear what he says; he often gives sharp answers."

The Linden, nevertheless, was curious to know. Who will find fault with her for that? When one is standing from one end of the year to the other, on the same spot, one is very loth to let a story escape for fear of receiving a pointed answer. Does it grow too sharp, then one shakes it off; and the Trees can do that too. But the Linden was prudent, and first thought of a suitable beginning.

"Pine-tree," she said, "how does it happen that you always wear the same robe, in winter and in summer, on cold and on warm days?"

"Because I am not vain, and do not want, like you, always to have something new," answered the Pine.

"There you have it—pocket that!" said the Poplar.

And yet the Pine was wrong; that was not the reason, for after all he could not prevail against his nature. Men, too, do not act much better, and always ascribe to themselves, as a particular virtue, what is implanted in their nature. He who has no taste for dress, rails at the vain ones; yea, there are people that rail at poetry, because they themselves have no susceptibility of that kind, and these are more in the wrong than the Pine-tree.

The Linden was almost inclined to take excep-

tion at the answer, and never again to meddle with the Pine; but she was too curious for that; and this was good, for on one hand pouting is of no use, and on the other hand, she would not have heard the story about the Winter, nor we either. The Linden therefore grumbled something inwardly; but then she turned round again to the gruff neighbor, and said:

"You very well might tell us something about the Winter; you know him, and you are fond of him, as they say. We others do not know anything about him, for we sleep when he comes; but you are awake, and you two tell each other something the whole enduring time."

The Pine was silent for a while, and all the Trees were listening, desirous to know what would ensue. The Willow only said: "Linden, you have courage, you venture to accost *him!*"

At last the Pine replied: "Let me alone; and if you wish to know something about the Winter, then keep yourselves awake. He who will learn something, must not spend his time in sleeping."

Now the conversation would have been at an end, if the Oak had not acted as a mediator. He was very much respected among the Trees of the Forest, because he was the oldest and the strongest. Who knows, whether the former would have pro-

cured him any respect, if the latter had not been combined with it.

"Pine-tree," said he, "you seem to be a very unsociable fellow, but you are not so bad; you only show yourself always in the worst light. I know you better, for I saw you even when you were hardly a year old; when you had formed only one green shoot. But why are you so gruff towards your companions? Has not one soil produced us? Do not our roots entwine in the depth, like as our branches do above? Do we not in common defy dangers which we singly could not withstand? It is not well to separate one's self, and moreover for so trifling things. Because they adorn themselves with leaves, and you with needles, because your bark perhaps is rougher than that of the Beech, therefore you will separate yourself, will appear to be unkind, though you are not. Oh, no! tell it to your companions; be now glad with them during the good days, since you must act in concert with them during the heavy times."

These were serious words. The Pine-tree took them to heart; many another one might do so too! The Pine collected his thoughts; then he spoke as follows:

"You wish to hear about the Winter? Well,

then, lay aside your prejudices against him, for I know you do not like him. Do not believe that I am partial to him, because he is my friend; I only tell the truth, because I know him. But I will commence at once. When God, the Lord, had created the Earth, when the Flowers were glittering in the Fields, and the Trees in the Forests, he called the Seasons, and said: 'Behold my world, how beautiful it is. I make it over to you. Divide among yourselves the Flowers and Trees, but do love and cherish them too.' Then the Seasons were very happy, and revelled with the children of Nature. Things went on well for a short time; but then, here and there a dissension commenced to spring up between them. The pert and fickle Spring could not harmonize with the slow, sedate Winter; the glowing Summer found Autumn to be phlegmatic; Autumn scolded Spring because he spoiled the Flowers,—in fine, the strife grew more and more violent, and the Flowers and Trees got the worst of it. Then Autumn said: 'This will not do any longer, we can no more get along together, therefore come and let us divide.' And so it was done. The Seasons divided the earth. At both the poles Winter built his house; Summer entwined himself around the middle of the earth; and Spring and Autumn erected their empire in

the midst. Afterwards you will hear, that they did not fully abide by this division; but well nigh so it is even now, and Winter is still living in his old house."

"Where did you learn that from?" asked the Linden.

"My cousin, who once paid him a visit there, told me so."

"Take care, he tells us idle stories," whispered the Poplar to his neighbor.

"How could your cousin pay him a visit?" asked the Linden; "must he not stand fast, as well as we?"

"That happened thus," replied the Pine. "Once there came some bold enterprising men, and selected wood to build a ship of. My cousin, a slender, high Pine-tree, was standing, quite proud, among the other Trees of the Forest. Hardly had they espied him, when he was cut down, and they made a mast of him. Now they went to sea. The sailors gave a large sheet to my cousin, and said, 'Hold it fast!' Upon his top they planted a checkered, far-shining pendant. My cousin was quite cheerful on the voyage, and performed his duty well; and when the wind came, and wanted to take the cloth away from him, he held it fast, and did not bend. For that the Ship's crew

honored him above all the other timbers in the vessel.

"Their course was all the time shaped towards the North, and lo, all at once they came to the Winter's house. It is true, the house looked quite plain, but strong, and when the Vessel knocked, Winter came out, quite astonished at the rare visitor. Yet he remembered that, when he comes, he often is received with very little kindness; and thus he did not feel much inclined either to be hospitable, and shook his head so that the white flakes were freely whirling around. Then he perceived my cousin, and since he is particularly attached to us Pine-trees, he became friendly at once, and directly they commenced chatting. He wished to know how every one of my cousin's brothers fared, and when the Mast had informed him about everything, he too commenced to relate nothing but wonderful stories, and the one which you hear now from me, is one of them.

"There was no end of the stories, and the old master was so happy in all his recollections which he now communicated, that he did not like to let the Ship go away at all, and that he clasped her in his strong arms. My cousin cannot find an end of telling how beautiful that was; but the better he felt, the worse the Ship's crew fared. One morning

he heard that they held council. 'Our fuel is consumed; our provisions are well nigh gone,' said the Mate, 'and if the ice does not thaw very soon, we must perish in misery; let us cut the Mast to pieces and use it for fuel, so that we at least may hold out for some time yet.'

"When my cousin heard this, he entreated the Winter to let the Ship go, and Winter, in order to save his favorite, granted *him*, what he would not have done for the sake of pleasing the men. He allowed the ice to thaw, and the Ship, with its crew, safely returned home."

"That was good!" exclaimed the Trees, with one voice.

"But now let me return to my story," said the Pine. "The earth then was divided, and the Seasons had, each, their own dominion. Thus it probably would have continued to be, if Spring, in his fickle manner, had not called again for an alteration. He did not like always to remain in the same spot; he called the Seasons together, and made them the following proposition: 'Let us divide differently,' said he, 'and since the earth belongs to us in common, let us not remain confined to one single space. Each of us shall have a definite time, during which he may possess the whole earth, and during which he alone shall reign.'

"'I am satisfied with it,' said the Summer, 'if I only keep for myself the Girdle of the earth.'

"'And I my Poles,' said the Winter.

"The light-minded Spring agreed to everything, if he only reached his end, and Autumn hoped to indemnify himself in some other way. Thus the compact was made, and Spring was already about to commence his reign, when the considerate Winter said:

"'But in order that one may not take for his own, all that is beautiful upon the earth, let us divide that too.'

"'Good,' said the Spring, 'I take the buds!'

"'The blossoms belong to me!' said the Summer.

"'The fruits are mine!' exclaimed the avaricious Autumn,—'and the leaves of the trees the Winter shall keep for himself.'

"Winter made no objection; the bargain was concluded, and Spring began his reign. By his kisses he drew forth the buds on Tree and Flower, and everything smiled on him. Thereupon, when the buds expanded, when a thousand colors were glittering on leaf and flower, Summer took possession of the throne on earth. Then, however, the established order began directly to be infringed upon; for Autumn, who was always eager to promote his

own interest, made a separate contract with the Summer. Summer was to leave some flowers for him, and he gave the former some fruits in their stead; yet, as they say, he did not lose by the bargain, and kept the best for himself. Now he alone succeeded to the empire, and with busy hands he gathered the fruits, for he had a right to do so.

"Something else, however, had happened, by which poor Winter was badly cheated. You remember that after the division, the Leaves of the Trees had fallen to the lot of Winter. In the glowing time of love, however, when on high, leaf was hanging near leaf, and when the Flowers were glittering below in the Grass, and coquettishly exhibiting their thousand colors, a courtship had commenced between Leaves and Flowers. As is often the case, this love commenced with all sorts of capricious tricks. When the Sun wished to shine warm and glowing upon the Flowers, the Leaves of the Trees put themselves in the way; but before the Flowers were aware of it, they bent downwards, so that the glare of the Sun suddenly came down and dazzled the little ones below. The Flowers shut their eyes, and the Leaves tittered above on the branches. Or when a refreshing rain fell, the Leaves kept some little drops, and when the Flowers thought all was over, they suddenly let them fall down, so that the

Flowers were frightened and shook their heads. What was only teasing in the beginning, soon became an act of kindness; for the Sun grew hotter and hotter, and all the poor, tender Flowers would have withered away, if the Leaves had not, like a shield, intercepted the fiery darts of the rays.

"After this deeper earnest of affection the little tricks were no more sufficient for them, and they soon looked about for a means of communication. There the Leaves hung on high, and the Flowers were glimmering in the Grass. Love always knows how to find expedients. Leaves and Flowers soon had chosen a messenger who might carry up and down their sighs and vows, — it was the Ivy. Below among the Flowers it had sprung forth, and like a green garland it twined round up to the Leaves of the Trees, Leaf closely pressed to Leaf, a scale of sweet vows, a silent chain of love. Who would not, on the first sight, recognize this delightful calling? upon whom did it not breathe from the ever-green Vines, like the reserved sighs of enthusiastic first love? And the Flowers and Leaves were satisfied with such messages. But then the dominion of Autumn drew towards its close, and he wished to gather the last Flowers on the field. The Leaves faded away from ardent desire, and entreated Autumn with earnest prayers, only one

single time to let them descend to their dying Loves. And Autumn granted their request, though he had not a right to do it, and encroached upon the rights of the Winter, who alone had dominion over the Leaves. Autumn shook the Trees, and down came the detached Leaves fluttering to the ground. Now really a wild scene of love commenced. Autumn, who took a delight in it, played a wild tune; the Leaves flew in a whirling dance around the Flowers, until these, languid and exhausted, bowed their heads, and until the Leaves, at the last tune that Autumn dashed off, laid themselves down to eternal rest.

"Then the Winter came along. Bare and deserted, Field and Forest received him. Nothing met him robed in verdure, except we poor Pine-trees, for no little Flower had cared to commence a flirtation with our Needles; nothing besides us except the Ivy which was yet entwining itself from Tree to Tree, as if it would adorn a triumphal arch for the Winter, and from branch to branch, as if it would conceal the faithlessness of the Leaves and lend the Trees an attire in the place of the lost, scattered foliage. Winter perceived it with emotion, and whilst he angrily dashed to the ground the last Leaves which, against their will, hung neglected and solitary here and there on the branches, and

whilst he drove them about over ice and snow, he spoke solemnly to the Leaves of the Ivy: 'You I will protect, you I will guard, that you may perform the kind office which you have chosen for yourselves; be and remain to be messengers of Love; carry silent greetings over from Flower to Leaf, from Autumn to Spring; form an everlasting bridge from Season to Season! Your calling is, to entwine and to unite; you, the ever verdant reminiscences of Fields and Forests, you shall unarm even the severity of Winter.'

"Thus the Winter spoke to the Ivy, but to us Pine-trees, he devoted his deepest affection, and he prepared honors for us in which you other Trees will not participate."

"And what is that?" asked the other Trees, touched.

"The Winter is the season of affection," proceeded the Pine-tree, "therefore he had directly perceived and honored that feeling in the Ivy. Men know that, for in no other season they attach themselves more closely to each other than in the Winter. So this Season brings along with him the soul-affecting, holy, mysterious Christmas; so you see in his company the friendly spirit, the Christkindel. Men say: Christkindel, that is the love of parents and of friends; but this is not true.

When he puts his charms into effect, then it is done with a man. The mother is musing day and night during the first part of Winter, but this only, because Christkindel is constantly whispering into her ear. And whoever, about Christmas, goes out to buy something, he always brings home more than he intended to, he always shortens his purse more than he wished to. It is not the beautiful things that tempt him; no, it is Christkindel who everywhere beckons and whispers, and pulls at the heart, so that the hand opens and always opens itself again, until he has prepared the richest Christmas-gift.

"We Pine-trees, we know this, for we always stand in the midst of the whole; we are the Christmas-trees, and in the highest of the Christmas-glee, the good Christkindel puts us in the midst. We are nowhere wanting, neither in the palace, nor in the hut. However poor the parents may be, a couple of little lights they put for the rejoicing children upon our green boughs. Gold and silver are hanging down from us, glittering fruits we bear, and the children clap their hands before us; for though everything be ever so beautiful, the Christmas-tree remains to be the most beautiful; Christkindel has surrounded it with his most particular, most wonderful charms. Perhaps the

children love the Christmas-tree so much, because it is, itself, like the brimful heart of a child. Around the green boughs of Hope there are winding all sorts of glowing pictures; rich and golden is it standing there, mysterious and unexplained. But one glowing picture after the other falls off, the gold is found to be tinsel, the hopes wither, the secret is unriddled; with the last bauble they take off, the whole miracle vanishes, and nothing remains but a withered Pine-tree. In the child's heart one golden dream after the other is dispelled; one mystery after the other, in which it was wrapt up, is solved; and how much is life different from that picture which the child's soul bore of it within!"

"When all the trifling ornaments have fallen, is then your glory past?" demanded the Aspen-tree.

"Then they put the Tree into the fire," said the Pine, "and then he often hears many a beautiful, wonderful story which the men relate to each other, when they look down into the flame. He listens very attentively, but when something occurs that he does not like, then he crackles so that the sparks fly about, and the men are startled all around the fire-place. And though the golden apples have been eaten; yet withal the children

look sad from out their corner, when the Christmas-tree is consumed by the fire."

"Now you see, that is the story of the Winter and the Pine-tree. At some other time I will tell you a wonderful tale, which a Christmas-tree heard in the fire-place; for men too know quite pretty stories."

"Yes, at some other time."

THE FOREST-BROOK.

The Pine-tree had concluded his narrative with the melancholy prospect of a doubtful continuation; his last words had softly vanished, and over the whole Forest there was spread a deep calmness. One noise only sounded through this solemn quietude; the bubbling of the Forest-brook, which beat with interrupted sounds at Stones, and at the roots of Trees — this eternal Clock of the Forest. And as it was murmuring along, now brightly glittering in the sunshine, now obscured by the shadows of Trees and of Clouds, and dissolving in its ripples the images which were reflected on its surface, this monotonous sound formed itself into distinct words, and without being summoned and yet listened to by Flowers and Trees, the Forest-brook began a tale.

Trees and Flowers were listening attentively. A solemn silence was spread over the Forest; only the Brook was bubbling along, the only sound far and

near. That is the Stillness of the Woods. Who does not know it? who is there that never yet has met it with its sabbath-rest of the plants of the Forest? All round about so quiet and solemn! Even the game breathes softer and does not stir; even the huntsman is seized as with a holy, pleasant awe, and he forgets his passion, and sinks down upon the grass amidst the universal Stillness of the Woods. That is the time when the Brook relates wonderful tales to the Trees and Flowers; that is the Wood's repose.

And the Brook related:

"Do you know where I descend from? Do you know my origin? You know that of the Brook of the Meadow. There it visibly cometh forth as a little Spring above a stone or at the side of a hill; grows then larger and larger, so that the short robe of Grasses is no more sufficient for it, however much they stretch their necks, out of love for it; and at last it puts on the stiff and tight bodice of Reeds, with the loose spangles of blossoms, or with the black buttons. Of the Mountain-brook you know, too, where it comes from. On the height there is lying the snow, the eternal cap of the Mountains, which alone the Sun colors when he rises and when he sets, and which the Clouds, when they pass by, adorn with wonderful veils.

Near by in the ravines the ice of the glaciers is glittering, unmoved and dark-blue in its clefts. On its surface it appears unchangeably firm, but within a sprightly life is stirring; there is a flowing and a running, and through the clefts and crevices the Drops and the Water play eternally at hide-and-seek, for the Sun incessantly kisses the summits of the Mountain. This faithful love, at last, moves and softens its rigid heart of ice, and those little Springs are the children of these Kisses. They seek and catch each other, until they think it is there too narrow, and then they will find an outlet. But when they come to light, they at first are astonished and amazed at the wide world which expands before them. Curious little Springs, however, come after them, and now they venture further, at first slowly and hesitating, then faster and faster, and thereupon they jump, — a merry Mountain-brook — daringly from rock to rock, like the Chamois which was born not far from them. Now the Brook foams high up, like the snows of the Mountain, then it glitters clearly, an unbroken mirror, like the ice of the glaciers, until it descends into the valley, and becomes quiet in the lovely stillness of the Fields.

"But where do I come from, I, the Forest-brook? You do not find the Spring that produced

me, nor snow, nor ice, whose child I might be. Follow my course. Here, you think it arises, and you extend your hand behind a Stone, behind a tuft of Moss; but it is gone, and further on, behind the knotty root of a Tree, it laughs at you. Sometimes I conceal myself, as a broad mirror, below a thousand Herbs and Blossoms; sometimes I sink down among a heap of loose Stones, which, jealous of the verdure of the Woods, have also put caps of green moss upon their grey heads; but there I flow on, and yonder I come drippling forth again. You do not find the source; it remains a secret of the Woods. Hear, then, how I did originate.

"On the top of a light Cloud, which softly passed over the fields, there was sitting a tender Elf, the favorite waiting-maid of the Queen of the Elfs, and she was adjusting the trinkets of her mistress. She drew forth from a little casket a long, long string of costly pearls, a present of the Sea. 'Take good care of them,' Titania had said, 'of these tears of the Sea; they are my dearest ornament.' The pearls really are tears of the Sea, which it however does not lose by weeping, but which it closely locks up at the bottom, until the fisherman draws them forth to the light at the risk of his own life. They have become fixed and solid, but still they look, in their dim lustre, like eyes injured by weep-

ing. The little Elf was delighted with the pearls, and lifted the string high up to see whether they would not shine more brightly in the sunshine; but a pearl is not like a precious stone, which borrows its lustre from the external world; the tear of the Sea conceals its affection within itself, and glows from within.

"Behind the Elf sat Puck, the rogue, who plays tricks on men and elfs, and whilst she was rejoicing over the trinket, he cut, unperceived, the string, and down rolled the pearls, first over the Cloud and then down upon the earth. The little Elf first sat motionless with terror, but then she started and flew down from the Cloud after the falling pearls. When she thus was soaring between the Cloud and the earth, she saw how the globules dispersed in all directions and rolled and glittered; and giving up every hope, she was about to return, when she saw a green field below, and in the Grass and on the Flowers there were glimmering thousands of pearls, which she believed to be the lost ones. The little Elf was yet holding in her arm the casket in which the string of pearls had been locked up, and busily she began to put them into it again. The casket already began to fill up, but then Titania's lovely maid perceived that it was not pearls, the tears of the Sea, that she was gathering,

but dew, the tears of the Flowers, and in sadness she went further on her way to seek what she had lost.

"Behold, there she saw pearls hanging in the eyes of a mother who was bending over her dying child, and she gathered them — tears of love there; and as she went on, she found yet other weeping eyes; tears so many, that her little casket flowed over. Alas, how many tears are wept upon the earth! for out of the eyes of men there arises a wonderful little Brook; but its source I can tell you, its source is the heart. There grief, sadness, repentance, sometimes even joy must knock, in order that the little Brook may flow. And this little Brook exerts a wonderful, charming influence, for that heart verily must be quite hard which other persons' tears no more can move. Men often wish to stay it, and say, I have no compassion for these tears, they are well deserved. But that is very wrong, for tears they are at all events, and they just as well come out of the heart, which has been knocked at the harder perhaps.

"Now, our little Elf believed all these tears to be the lost pearls; she clasped the casket tightly in her arms, and ascended with it to the Cloud. Alas, the casket became heavier and heavier, for tears do not weigh light, and when she opened it,

all the supposed pearls were dissolved. Disconsolate she flew from one Cloud to the other, for every one of them was fond of her, and she told them of her grief. Then the Clouds sent their Rain down to the earth to seek what she had lost. There was a streaming and a flowing, and Trees and Herbs bowed down, and the dew was wiped off; but the pearls were not found. Puck, the rogue, saw this, saw the poor little Elf's grief which he had caused, and really he was sorry for it, for he only intended to tease, but not to afflict her. Down he dived into the bosom of the earth, and fetched from his friends, the Goblins and Gnomes, glittering ore of many colors, showy baubles; and he carried them up to the little Elf. 'There you have again all the trumpery, and better and more showy too,' said he.

"The little Elf rejoiced, and the Clouds stopped raining. But when she examined the gift more closely, it was nothing but trifles and show, and angrily she seized the cup in which they lay, and flung it far away, so that the glittering little pieces flew in a wide bow over the whole horizon. That was the first rainbow. Ever since when the Clouds weep, Puck also fetches again his gewgaws, and the spectacle is repeated. The rainbow is beautiful, we all rejoice to see it, and men too; but yet

it is deceiving, a gift of the Gnomes, a work of Puck, the rogue. Men know that very well, for when they hasten after it, it runs along before them, unattainable, and all at once it has vanished. Where did it go to? 'It falls into the Sea,' the children say, 'and the Nymphs make of it their gay robes.' What then chance produced, Puck builds now up, himself. With his treasures he passes through the sky, and when he then has something left, he flies back and builds with the remainder a second bow, a smaller and less shining one. That is the reason why you see this shining phenomenon so often double on the horizon, and why you see it never except when the Clouds weep from compassion with the sorrow of the Elf, whom Puck teased, and yet afterwards tried to comfort.

"Our little Elf was all the time yet sorrowful, sitting on the Cloud, and could not take any delight in the first rainbow which she herself had produced. Then Titania approached her. At this time the capricious Queen was in very good spirits, and when her maid had told her the cause of her grief, she smiled and pardoned her readily. Perhaps she could easily get over this loss, because a Sprite of the Sea whose heart she had won, had already promised her another string of pearls; for great folks are liberal, even with the tears which are

entrusted to them. But what was she to do now with the contents of the heavy little casket which the Elf all the time yet was carrying in her arm?

"'Hasten down to the most secret and most lovely spot of my forest,' said Titania, 'and pour these drops out between the most fragrant Herbs; let these tears continue to be what they are, but united they shall flow — a large tear of the Forest.'

"The servant obeyed the Queen's commands, and thus the first Forest-brook began to flow along, thus also the Forest had its tears. Do you know now whence I originate? Like as the source of men's tears, so is mine too — the Heart, the hidden Heart of the Woods. When melancholy, when longing feelings or grief knock at the same, then the tear flows. In the Summer, when many a child of the Forest is broken down and destroyed, I flow softly, but incessantly. In the Autumn, when everything is dying away, I lament in silent grief over the blossoms and leaves which the wind often scatters on my course, so that the sorrow expressed in their behalf may, at the same time, be their grave. In the desolate loneliness of Winter I get to be benumbed, and the tear becomes a pearl, like the hidden grief of the Sea. Thus I hang at the roots and at the stones with the dim lustre of over-wept eyes. But in the Spring, when longing desires

arise in every heart, then the tear of the Woods flows with melancholy and with joy, then I swell much and step beyond the borders of my course, to greet the Flowers and the Grass, as far as I can. Compassion even awakes me often, for when the Clouds weep their rain or the Flowers their dew, then the Forest-brook increases also.

"Do you not feel that the Heart of the Woods is my source — from my whole appearance, from the breath of sentiment and melancholy which I breathe forth towards you? The melancholy Reed keeps close to me. Where I flow, there grows especially the affectionate Forget-me-not, which sweetly looks up like faithful blue eyes in the hour of parting. The Weeping Willow, in its never ceasing mourning, lets its branches drop down even into my waves. Everywhere I excite feeling. Even the Stone which my course touches, the unchangeable Stone, which time passes by unnoticed, he weeps after me in clear tears, when my waves touch him, and my tears are the only thing he is not proof against. Therefore I love the Stone.

"Men know a strange, sad story about a man who outlives everything, whom death shuns for ever. Of this the Stone reminds me; he is the Ahasuerus of the Woods, and he would be able to

tell you a great many things; his memory reaches into times long past.

"Puck, the rogue, is now jealous of the Forest-brook, whom he wanted to cut out with his baubles, and who, notwithstanding, received an imperishable signification; and he often throws vexingly a knotty root or a sharp stone in my way, so that my drops spirt high up and disperse. Then you see in the sunshine various colors, like those of the rainbow, flitting around me. These are the baubles of Puck which he hangs alongside of my glitter, as though he would say, — 'Well, are not my gifts prettier?' But quickly they have passed away, and I flow on unchanged. Thus comical and wanton things often are brought in close contact with sad and sorrowful ones, as if a trickish Sprite had produced them. Even man's heart, when it is well nigh breaking, often flutters with comical emotions; even around the weeping face there is often playing the expression of a smile. In the deepest harmony of nature we often meet with an odd distortion. A knotty root, a withered dry branch stretch forth from among the rich tapestry of the turf, from among the well-rounded fulness of the foliage; among the sound, full-blown Roses you find all at once a stunted one, which looks forth from among the sisters like a

distorted face. All this is brought about by Puck. But a deeply feeling soul knows just as well as nature, how to counterbalance all these mischievous acts."

Thus the Forest-brook concluded. The stillness continued yet, and Leaf and Flower only rustled and whispered softly. There all at once a crackling was heard; a dry branch, with a crash, broke off from the top of an Oak. It fell down, so that the Leaves above dispersed and the Flowers below were crushed, and it fell splashing into the Brook, so that the drops spirted high up, and that the water was stirred up dark from its depth. A second, and everything again was quiet.

That, too, was done by Puck, the arch fellow.

THE STONE.

The stillness, however, did not last long; it was only the first fright. And how could it possibly last? Where so many are standing close together, and are living so very near each other, there they always find something to chat about. The Flowers and Trees had taken a fancy to such narratives, and would have liked very much to hear some more.

"If the Stone really knows something to relate," said a high-grown Foxglove, "then we will ask him to communicate it to us; yes, it is in fact his duty, once to do something for our entertainment' for he wedges himself in between us, hinders our being near together, and always remains mute."

"Foxglove is again the most curious one," said the Strawberry-blossom.

"Curious!" replied the Foxglove, — "I always have to hear you reproaching me with that; and from whence this imputation?"

"Because you are so curious, you shoot up so high, that you may be able to look far about," said the Strawberry-blossom.

"How silly!" said the Foxglove; "I do that only that I may be able to look over the Stone."

"Vain excuse," muttered Strawberry-blossom.

"Pray what are you doing then?" asked Foxglove.

"I bear fruit!"

"Why do you quarrel?" said the Beech from above. "One of you is as vain and as curious as the other, and that even is natural; what grows to be only one year old, certainly never passes the spoon."

This inconsiderate word was nigh producing a stupendous war, for all the Flowers felt offended, and unanimously they determined not to endure this affront without punishing the offender. The Sword-lily, the commander of the standing army, was summoned. The light troops of the Monk's-hood prepared themselves, and the large artillery of the Thorn-apples was put in motion. The factions of the Foxglove and of the Strawberry, which in fact had produced the whole commotion, determined to unite against the common enemy; Nettles and Thistles, as the militia of the Flowers, were called in, and a summons for volunteers was published.

The Rose was the first to show its willingness, and was already sharpening its thorns. By the way, be it observed, that it had a particular grudge against the Trees, because they would not acknowledge it to be one of their equals, although its stem often rises to be quite a stately little Tree. The dispute had been carried on for an infinite number of years, and the diplomacy of the Flowers and Trees had negotiated much hither and thither, in which endeavors, especially, the Black-thorn had distinguished itself, who had taken up the cause of the Rose with a great deal of zeal, because it was in close social relation to the high-grown Roses. It is a pity that the transactions, after the custom of the Flowers and Trees, were all carried on orally, otherwise we should be in the possession of an immense pile of documents about this dispute, which would be of great value in regard to diplomacy, even for the single reason that the parties were on the last page exactly as far as on the first.

In the mean while, the other Flowers who had not, like the Rose, to fight for a private cause, had not been idle in respect to this combat for their honor; especially the Anemone made long speeches about the rights of the Flowers, and the Reed-grass made poems. The Whortleberry filled its little

cask, and offered its services as sutler, and a great troop of different Flowers had already formed a volunteer corps, spoke much, and not without enthusiasm, of dying for the general weal, and depicted silently to themselves, in the most glowing colors, the rejoicing, and the part which they, each by itself, would act in the grand feast of victory and triumph.

The affair was really serious, though the Trees did not exactly yet prepare arms. Now several of them, from indolence, did not like the war much, and especially was the Pine-tree out of humor, for as he just now had told about the tender relation between the Flowers and the Leaves of the Trees, this might sorely give him the lie. Besides, the eagerness for war was quickly passing off in most of the Flowers. They would have liked rather to hear the Stone relate, and thus it was a thing very acceptable to all, that the Hawthorn and the Blackberry took the matter in hand, and commenced negotiations for peace. The Blackberry was particularly busy, as it considered itself somewhat related to the Strawberry, who indirectly had commenced the quarrel; and the Hawthorn, which stands between Tree and Flower, was certainly a very good mediator in this controversy. Yet the settlement was not easy; for the Beech could

by no means be prevailed upon entirely to recall his offending words. At last they found this expedient: The Beech declared, he could, indeed, not retract and deny that the Trees grew older than the Flowers, but he was willing to acknowledge that the Stone was older yet than the Trees. Besides, he could assure them, that he by no means had made his remark with the intention, in any way to offend the Flowers, for whom he always had had the highest esteem. By this he thought he did not derogate from his own dignity. It is true, the Foxglove murmured, and the shrewd Pink protested, secretly, that this was really saying nothing at all; but the Flowers were satisfied, and mutual assurances of esteem and friendship made an end of the quarrel.

The words of the Beech had drawn their attention again to the Stone, and the wish to induce him to speak, became very strong; for after the hue and cry of war, and after the turbulent excitement, every one was longing for a fantastical narrative.

But how were they to gain the good will of the Stone, who was so silent and so little communicative. The Trees wished to summon the Brook to persuade the Stone, because he had prided himself on a particularly amicable relation with

the latter; and in fact, he had drawn their attention to the Stone's great knowledge. The Flowers believed the best way to reach their end was to ask the help of the Grass, which was on terms of friendship with the Moss, and could thus communicate its wishes to the Stone. The peace which just then had been concluded, had a very unsafe foundation on account of this difference of opinion, but then the Brook himself proposed another way.

"Ask the Fern to negotiate with the Stone; that is neither a Flower nor a Tree, that is the Stone's fan, his mysterious, intimate friend; which bends over him, and attaches itself to him, which caresses and flatters him; he would not deny it anything.

"Fern," said the Flowers, "will you persuade the Stone?"

The Fern nodded, serious and silent. Everybody listened; the Brook murmured as though he too were trying to persuade the Stone. Nobody has ever heard whether he did or not. The Trees shook themselves once more, so that they might then be able to be very quiet, and all the Flowers stretched their little heads forth from among the Grass. In the mean time the Fern had whispered to the Stone the wish of the Woods, and the fol-

lowing story of the Stone wonderfully sounded forth from among the broad leaves, rustling through the Moss which covered him.

"The Brook was right, indeed, when saying that I was the oldest in the whole forest, and knew about times which have been, long, long before your recollection. On the whole, in the stories which I have heard from you, there is a great deal of truth, though here and there some corrections might be necessary. It is true, as the Poppy told you, that one Flower began to bloom after the other on the earth; true is also the Pine-tree's story, that the Seasons divided the earth. But before that, there was a long, long time, and many a struggle had to be gone through, ere everything was developed thus far. When God, the Lord, had created the world, the earth was a large, huge rock, hard and desolate, but firm and immovable. As that was lying there so cold, the Lord sent the Elements to warm and to fructify it—three powerful sisters and brothers. First came, in his robe of purple and gold, the eldest brother, the Fire. Powerful, indomitable, he scoured the Earth, knocked and chafed at the Rock; but that was too hard, and not so easy to conquer, and however much the Fire exerted his heat upon it, it did not fosten under his power. Then a fierce combat

arose. Here and there the Fire overcame the rigidity of the Rock, and broke off large and small pieces, which he then scattered far about in his exultation over his victory. Thus we large and small Stones have originated; and just as the Fire dispersed us, so we are lying scattered on the earth, without any plan or regularity, only according to the whims of an unsubdued Element. But the combat did not always turn out to be favorable for the Fire; and in the same measure that he spent his rage and weakened himself, the Rock was gathering strength and adroitness to withstand the enemy.

"Thus it happened at last, that the Fire had to submit; the Rock took him prisoner, and tied him down in its interior with powerful chains. There he lies yet. Every one of you knows that every stone conceals fire, for when they hit each other, or when a man who loves the Fire, and who in his turn has made him his servant, strikes a stone with a steel, the sparks spring forth. All these sparks are little dispersed particles of the one great power. But how the Fire all the time yet stirs and works in the interior of the earth, about that I will tell you afterwards. When the Fire was thus vanquished, there came his younger brother, in a green robe garnished with silver — the Water.

This one was more prudent and experienced, and had, therefore, easier work; for on one hand he could make use of his brother's conquests, on the other hand he was, by his brother's fate, made acquainted with the character of his antagonist. When he, therefore, saw that the Fire had prevailed so little by open combat, he commenced to entreat and to negotiate. He washed and knocked at the Rock; he flattered and he fought, now with entreaties, then with cunning, then with force.

"Thus the earth soon presented another aspect; for since the Water had taken possession of all the places which his brother had gained by fighting, he had directly a firm foothold. He extended himself farther and farther in the wide basin where now the sea is. The Rock, good-natured, allowed this, but the Water, cunningly rose higher and higher, and then sometimes he would break through by force, where now the valleys are, and where the Water has nestled down the rivers. When the Rock even put up with that, and only fixed the borders as limits, the Water began to be more and more insatiable, and often stepped forth high over the banks, upon the Rock. But the latter was also conscious of its rights and of its power, and drove the Water back. It is true the Water yielded, but he had devised an artifice, through

which he did not give up everything. All the light fragments of the Rock, all that he had gained from this hard opponent by washing and flattering, he hid it at the bottom of the river. Now, when he had stepped over his borders and was driven back, he left some of this mixture of water and rock behind, and the Rock allowed it, because this was even a part of its own self. Thus were Sea, River, Rock, and Earth separated. But yet everything was and remained sterile and desert; for no blessing is connected with that which is done on compulsion.

"Thereupon the Lord sent the charming sister of the Elements, in a soft blue robe — the Air — in order to mitigate and to bless everything. She commenced by making peace between the Rock and the Elements. It is true, the Rock could not be prevailed upon to liberate the Fire; but the Air received permission to visit her imprisoned brother as often as she chose. Now, as often as she did so, she took away with her some of his heat, and shed that over the whole earth. Then some life began to stir on the soil. Germs budded and took root. But the heat of the Fire does not do it alone; softening and cooling, the Water must saturate the ground, if things shall grow and thrive. The Water was very willing to do so, but his

limits were assigned to him. Then the Air absorbed the longing sisterly kisses, the salutations of the Water; carried them over upon the soil, and poured them out there, and Verdure commenced to appear; Trees and Flowers germinated, and Man and Beast could live on the Earth.

"Thus the Air visits alternately the brothers, and each gives her a present on her way; the former glowing heat, the latter soft clouds. You perceive that all the time yet. You always see the Air now in a glowing color, which the embraces of the Fire lent her; now in a dark robe, which the Water, at parting, hung around her. You see the Fire of the evening-red, you see the glowing of the morning-light, you see the Fogs rise when the Air parts from the Water, you see the Clouds pass along.

"But the Clouds, the children of the Water, do not feel contented, far away from the Earth. The Air orders them to be borne off by her servants, the Winds; but the Clouds look longingly back, and weep in their unconquerable homesickness, until they return to the Earth, totally dissolved into tears. Then the particles of Fire, which the Air had caused to be carried away, will also no longer remain with her, and as the Clouds descend, they, too, rush down upon the Earth—

those soft and longing, these wild and thundering. Thus originates the wonder of the Thunder-storm. That moves all Beings upon earth. The mild longing of the Clouds communicates itself to them as well as the rushing fieriness of the Lightning. A fiery terror, mixed with a longing feeling, like home-sickness, seizes upon Man and Beast, Tree and Blossom. But the blissful influence of the Air accompanies them, and when Fire and Water have returned to the Earth, then everything takes a new start, being strengthened, and thriving beautifully.

"How things then went on further; how the Seasons settled their affair; how the Plants originated and grew, all this you have heard. We Stones, now, see everything around us grow verdant and bloom; we who know about the former times of strife and disorder, we rejoice at it, though we, banished and overlooked, lie but little esteemed, on the ground which formerly was entirely our property. Thus was it very foolish for the Foxglove to say that we were intruding everywhere, for you others press closely around us, and even grudge us that little spot upon which we laid ourselves down, modest and quiet."

The Foxglove blushed and looked, in confusion, with all its flower-bells down to the ground.

The Strawberry-blossom tittered below its three green leaves, and the Beach above began to rustle. Then the Brook began to fear the old quarrel might be renewed, and he said:

"We are very much obliged to you, gray old Man of the Woods, for your narrative, but much you owe us yet."

"What do you wish to know?" asked the Stone.

"What the Fire is about in the interior of the Rock, and whether he meekly submits to his imprisonment."

"As to the latter, not quite," related the Stone; "for though the visits of his sister divert him, though he, through her mediation, has the consolation of contributing to the fructification of the Earth, yet he always hopes in his heart for liberation, perhaps even for the dominion over the Earth. But that would be a great misfortune; it would certainly be the end of all things. The Water and the Air know that quite well, and take care that the Fire does not gain too great a power. Where he shows himself, there the Air makes her appearance and kisses the beloved brother, who, from that kiss, blazes forth, more clear, more cheerful and stronger; but she watches also that his heat may be dispersed and not grow too powerful. When she

alone cannot subdue him, then the Water must come to aid her, and the Fire is again quieted after a combat, which is often very noisy.

"Then he sits again still in the bosom of the Rock, deep at the bottom of the earth, and there he devises all sorts of pranks and tricks with which to while away the time. First he melted and brewed some of the Stone, and then he colored the boiled substance with the colors of his robe, purple and yellow. That was the Gold. From the Water which penetrated to him through the crevices of the Rock, he borrowed then the light color, and painted the Silver. Sometimes he succeeded even in melting off some parts of the reddish-black garment of the Rock, his jailer, and he colored with it the Iron. Not much blessing rests upon all these things, as you can easily imagine. Gold and Silver are deceitful things, however much men, in their foolishness, dig after them, and the Iron which mostly originated at the time when the Rock was not very well disposed towards the fertile Soil round about it, always allows itself to be used to turn up and to search the latter; it is and remains a sullen, discontented metal, because the Rock contributed to it the colors with anger and displeasure. But because the Fire has done the greater part to it, the damage which the Iron

does the Soil is not so very great; on the contrary, fructifying power is communicated by it to the Earth. We Stones, however, do not like to see that the kindly Soil is thus lacerated, and when the Iron is passing along with full speed, just then we jump before it, intercept the stroke, and hurt the Iron considerably.

"When Gold, Silver and Iron were made, the Fire got tired of painting always with the same colors, and he charged the Air to bring him some other ones from the Earth the next time she should come. She gathered the Grasses and Flowers, and carried them down to him. It is true, she could not bring many, but yet, with the green of the Grass and with the soft shades of colors that he took out of the bouquet which the Air brought him, he painted all sorts of chequered little Stones, all of which he interwove with his glowing heat. Thus it looks very magnificent and glittering in the bosom of the Earth, which you, perhaps, think to be quite black and dreary; the variegated precious Stones glimmer on the walls; they are the flowers of the Depth, the eyes of the Rock. In the workshop of the Fire sometimes a little drop of paint is spilt, or the Fire wipes his brushes with which he has painted the Gold, Silver and precious Stones. Then there originate the glittering ore,

the base metals and the spurious Stones, which seem to be something and are not, which entice and deceive; the same with which, as the Brook told you, Puck built the rainbow."

"Certainly, we have never seen that the Air carries away our sisters," said the Tulip, and incredulous she bowed her head.

"Because you do not pay attention," said the Stone. "For once, observe the evening-red; there those colors are painted in the air, which you at other times do not perceive. There is the garment of the Rose, the yellow of the Crocus, the blue of the Violet, the green of the Grass; between them the fiery red color of the Poppy; a thousand colors that cannot be described in words. Not every evening, but now and then you see this wonderful mingling, this sundering and dissolving. That is a bouquet of Flowers, which the Air holds in her hands, to bring it to the Fire.

"It is true, you see only the brightness of the colors, for it is too far for recognizing the sisters individually, but if you would have asked your heart, you would have known it. You are attracted powerfully; you all turn your heads towards this shining bouquet, for the longing after the parting sisters draws you towards them, irresistibly though unconsciously. You see, with your heart

you have known that long ago. But thus you are, you beings of the Earth, men included; you will not believe what you feel, and yet about the best that there is upon earth, you will indeed ask your understanding in vain; your heart alone can tell you that."

"But what did the Fire do with the bouquet, after he had extracted the colors?" asked the Forget-me-not.

"Then he keeps it in the crevices of the Rock, colorless, indeed, but shining and imperishable. There are the leaves, the stars of the Flowers; there the shining Crystals grow."

The narrator stopped; then the Oak asked:

"Pardon me, if that which I am about to ask you, should offend you, but I certainly do not do it in order to grieve you, who are so sensible and know so much. Look, I am next to you the oldest in the Woods, yea, I am called after you; for on account of my age and from my firmness, these two virtues which I have in common with you, they call me Stone-oak (English Scarlet Oak). Thus I have somewhat of a claim on your confidence. We others here upon the earth, we have a destiny, a change, we grow and bloom, we bear fruit every one after his kind. You Stones, on the contrary, lie always on the same spot, unchanged,

always the same. Is not that sad and tiresome at the same time?"

"You are like men," said the Stone, half smiling, half touched. Yourselves and your actions you consider to be indescribably important, the design and the centre of the whole creation. You grow, bloom and bear fruit. What do you think is gained by that? You wither, and — are forgotten. Time passes with his hand over the place where you stood, and your trace is obliterated. Every individual, whoever it may be, is a drop in the vast ocean of nature. Who observes it, except each one itself?

"Who can know for what purpose he exists? I, however, am never in want of pastime, though I have lain here now already a long, long time, immovable; for I am very susceptible and observing, and everything is changing round about me. Many thousands of years have rolled on past me — not one day was equal to another. Sometimes I make others tell me something from afar, for I lie with my ear on the earth, and below the Rock there is passing to and fro the secret conversation between the Stones who tell each other of spots on the earth, where it is exceedingly beautiful, and which are again, by themselves, a miracle

in the great miracle which nature constantly enacts with the Earth."

"Yes," assented the Pine-tree, "there are magnificent spots on the Earth; my cousin used to tell me so, who, as you know, went far about when he was a Mast."

"O, yes," said the Asp, jeeringly, "to countries where there is nothing but Ice and Snow; where your friend, the Winter, never lets go his hold on the Earth."

"Now, in your fickleness, you have again not paid attention," replied the Pine, very quietly. "Do you not know, from my story that there are countries which belong to the Summer, which the Winter never touches; where the Trees are always green, where Flowers always embroider the tapestry of the fields, where the Waters never become altogether solid with Ice, and where the Snow touches the Earth only like a cooling kiss from the Clouds?"

"Ah!" cried many Flowers at the same time "that country we should like to see!"

"I shall see it," said the Brook, not without pride, and in his fondness for travelling he jumped high up, and purling he flowed faster along. "I throw myself into the River, the River flows into

the Sea, and thus I contrive to be carried to those countries."

"In the mean time I will tell you about them," said the Stone, "for just now I have received information about a wonderful, exceeding lovely spot on the Earth. In those times, when the Water concluded a treaty of peace with the Rock, just then it was rocking itself in a lovely Bay, and the crowns of the cliffs overlooked it high in a circle. That was the favorite spot of the Sea, and it sent for the Air to pour out an exuberant strength over the borders of the shore. 'Dip your foot into my waves, I will cool it for you!' said the Sea to the Rock. 'Your head I will crown with Flowers,' said the Air, 'and the Earth shall lay a carpet around your knees.' 'And when you are so beautiful,' said thereupon the Sea, 'I will hold before you a mirror, that you may see your own beauty; and your image shall, in its turn, adorn my waves.' And thus it was done.

"In a beautiful semicircle, the Shore swept, verdant and blooming, around the Sea, and the Rocks looked smiling upon it. Now, one day when the Air paid a visit to the Fire, she told him about this favorite spot of the Water, where it, dreaming, passed its most pleasant hours. 'Can I not see

that too?' said the Fire. 'Let me talk about it to the Rock,' said the Air.

"The Rock was just then in a particularly good humor, and it was, near this Bay, easier to persuade it, on account of the kindness which Water and Air had shown it. Thus an adjustment was easily brought about. The Rock opened a window at the top of a mountain, which was the prison of the impatient Fire, and there he can look out whenever he chooses. But, in return, the Water must allow a Rock to project just from its midst, and to look around. Just opposite the Bay where the circle opens to let in the Sea, there this Rock lies, cool and comfortable, in the Sea, and looks on one side down into the Gulf, of which I spoke to you; on the other, it looks out upon the infinite space of the Sea.

"Now, this Rock has told me all these things. Opposite to it on the Shore, there is the window of the Fire. In the day-time, when the Light is resting so clear on the Earth, you see only the Smoke which he blows forth like Clouds; but in the night, when the Earth is enveloped in darkness, then the Fre puts his head of flames out of the window, and his glowing eyes shoot lightnings through the dakness. He looks quite cheerful and merry, and cuts all sorts of capers. Often he

nods quite amicably to my friend, the Rock, and the latter would nod in acknowledgment, if it had not to stand so very fast in the Sea. And when the window was opened in the Fire's prison, it began to be really beautiful on this Bay. The Fire did not mean to see all these beautiful things without adding something himself, and he flung his Sparks far out upon the Shore. They fell upon the green Trees, held fast to the glossy branches, and did not die; no, the Sparks became Fruits, red as they darted forth from the Mountain, and they retained within the Fire which they carried with them. Even now, as the Rock tells me, the Sparks grow on the Trees as fiery Oranges. And constantly are these fiery Fruits glowing, for as the leaves at all times are adorned with a beautiful dark glowing color, so the Fruits adorn the branches from one end of the year to the other."

"And do they not bear Blossoms, these wonderful Trees?" asked the Apple-tree.

"Certainly, Blossoms white as snow, lovely, and spreading sweet odors. But one and the same branch bears Fruits and Blossoms, and the sweetness of the Flowers' fragrance is mixed with the glow of the Fruit. One place before all others on this shore is most richly adorned with this glowing Fruit. There the Rocks come forth close to the

Sea, and wear on their head the adornment of the Orange-grove, interwoven with the net of long-waving Vines.

" The Flames of the Mountain look across, and rejoice at their gifts. The Sea murmurs and hums wonderful songs on the Beach, and hems its robe with white Foam. Every evening, when the Air paints the evening-red, she dresses the high Rock in light rose-colored garments, that it looks down like the blushing bride of the Sea. Every night the Fire adorns his Mountain with glittering ribbons, which he lets hang down from it, ribbons, on golden ground, embroidered with fiery precious stones. Then the Flames of the Fire and the Waves of the Water play with each other. The red Glare hides itself in the Waves, and then looks out again here and there, broken by the trembling of the Billows.

" All this, my friend, the Rock, sees, who himself is adorned with Vines, who himself has put on his green cap a bouquet of Oranges, and for a plume a wafting Palm-tree. The Turf wove the wreath around his head, and the indented Aloe and the prickly Cactus fastened it for him on his brow. He sees all this; and as he has taken a fancy to the brothers and their sister, to the Fire, Air, and Water, and as he is indebted to them for so many

enjoyments, he wished also to afford them a pleasure, and he built them a cosy place for their affectionate meetings. At the farthest edge of the Rock, nearly touching the surface of the Water, there opens a low archway. You would hardly detect it. Behind this gate there is extending a high, strongly arched, cool Cave. Here the Water, Air, and Fire meet with each other. Here they are together, separate indeed, but yet combined.

"It is true, there the mirror of the Water is flowing and wafting, but the deep blue of the Air, such as it shows itself only in the clearest sky, has penetrated it, and the shining Glare of the Fire darts from below, glistening and wonderful. It is true, a Glimmer breaks forth from the depth like flickering Flames, but the Glare, too, has been tinged with the color of the Air; this Light, too, is wafting like the waves of the Water. It is true, the Air fills the vast vault of the Cave, but it glitters like the Water, it floats around on high, as the Waves do below, and between them the little Flames of the Fire play and lick at the arch of the Rock. There the Elements hold their secret converse, but sometimes they allow Man to listen to them. He builds himself a skiff, steers into this wondrous place, and can navigate on the blue Air, bathe in the shining Fire, and breathe in the

wafting Water. Only when the colloquy of the brothers and their sister is intended to be very confidential and secret, then they do not admit the listener, then the Sea shuts the entrance with a gate of Waves, and the Air pushes the Winds before it as bolts. What miraculous things then are going on there, this is known to the Elements alone, and to my friend, the Rock, who encompasses them; but he has pledged his word not to divulge it, and he keeps his promise."

"He is right in doing so," said the Rose; "I love him for it. Does he love the Flowers too?"

"An eternal Spring of Roses is blooming around him," said the Stone.

"That must be beautiful!" sighed the Centifolia.

"And all this I shall see!" rejoiced the Brook.

"Then greet the Roses on the Rock from us!" cried the Flowers.

"And the Oranges on the Sea-shore from us!" rustled the Trees.

"How shall I recognize the place?" asked the Brook from the Stone.

"From my story," was the answer. "Men call it the Gulf of Naples; and my friend, the Rock in the Sea, is called Capri, in their language."

"I think I shall find it," replied the Brook; and, prattling, he went along.

But the Brook had a long, long way to travel. A long time he was wandering about in the immeasurable space of the Sea, before the wonders, of which the Stone had related, made their appearance.

The narrator of this story was just standing at Sorento, on the loggia of a small villa on the seashore, which he inhabited alone. The vines which overshadowed it were yet thin, and allowed the full light of the Sun to pass through, but the Orange-blossoms shed their odor and the fruits smiled on him, and were blinking from among the dark leaves. Vesuvius was sending forth his smoke, and the Sea was talkative. At that moment a Wave struck against the Rock, with a well-known sound. It brought from home the greetings of the Flowers and of the Trees. The Brook had fulfilled his commission. For the Flowers and Trees he brought salutations; but for the narrator he brought nothing from his dearly beloved ones.

THE POET.

Accept, then, these dreams of some beautiful hours, during which I found in a fantasy the solution of the riddle of Nature, during which the world itself was to me nothing but a fantasy. It was no deception! Ask the verdant grove yourselves. It tells, in a thousand sounds, the same that I related. I rendered it in my heart's reflection, and thus it had to be a fantasy indeed; for the Poet's heart itself is but a fantasy.

It is a fantasy which developed many a blossom; which has its spring and its winter time, and from which many a source mysteriously flowed like the Brook of the forest, dedicated to grief. Then just as the violet's bud bursts, being awakened in Spring by the power of ardent desires, just so a wishful mystery came to light, deeply felt and yet not understood, — the heart's vernal offspring, first love.

Oh, my life's golden, poetical blossom! Oh, my soul's enchanting spring-time! When the world was glowing before me in its richest attire, when it bore only one, and was yet so full, so wide; when I believed with devotion, in words never uttered, and trembled for fear of divulging my sweet secret, — Oh, fleeting happiness! how quickly wast thou snatched away from me! Thus the violet soon bows its fragrant head, ere yet the roses are broken off in the storm.

And again, like a wonderful tale, brought down from olden times, the daring charms of the Student's years entwined themselves in the fantastical interior of my heart. How full was the bosom of desire for friendship, how undivided was the hear inge away. Wine, songs, the clear sound of ra-t piers, youthful courage, and youthful hope wound then the fragrant ivy-wreath around my life.

My Heidelberg! Oh, ye ruins so green with ivy, upon whose terrace I was standing, so happy! How did the world then, in the splendor of Spring, appear to me quite as blooming as the wide land-space all around! The sweet illusion of fantasy has vanished; yet thou, Memory, animated by the breath of friendship, entwine thy green ivy-vines with renewed life, from my bosom over into others, from those times over into my latest days!

Again the heart offers me another dream. Joy, as well as grief, the heart has vented in the always living source of song, like the Forest-brook whom tears nourish. And the latter as well as the former you see wandering along; now quiet, concealed under a mossy cover, now caressing the flowers which bloom around the banks, now whispering to the verdure of the reed, now foaming, free, in wanton fulness.

What a sweet source of happiness is it in dark, overclouded days, now mournfully to vent in the rhymes of a song what weighs so heavily on the heart, and of which it is so full, and at other times to shake it off in sprightly pleasantry! Oh, golden illusion of this double life! how often hast thou, soaring free on high, carried me over into other worlds, into the fairy-land of Thought, away from the disagreeably narrow limits of Reality.

And I told you of the Stone which lies there on the ground in my own country, so mute and immovable, and which, deep in its core, yet bears so pleasant news from the distant wonders of other countries. Just so the Poet's heart has often been lying silent at the bosom of the dear fatherland. Then it felt unconsciously arise within, like a fantasy, a desire to wander about, a wish to travel, a longing desire for distant scenes.

Then he was urged on, he was carried far away; the joyful pulsations of the heart greeted the southern clime. Yet the image of his beloved ones remains with him; homesickness follows him into distant lands. Half he is urged to go away, half he is held back; a blissful faint-heartedness allures him to linger yet. Alas! the moment is too beautiful for parting. Thus the unshackled and agitated happiness of rambling about must divide the Poet's heart between joy and longing desire.

Enough — the Poet must close these Leaves with them also his heart. The curtain falls. He let the wonders of the Woods rise up around you, and allowed you to look into the fantastic world in his bosom. You that have received it in exchange for the pulsations of the heart, to you he always dedicates the best of his fantasies; but you that have listened and have smiled incredulously, think that the Forest never has rustling told any wonderful stories, and forget what the Poet has revealed to you.

SECOND LEAF.

ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS.

RELIGION OR LOVE.

This little piece was written when the author lived in a Catholic country, where the priests were very zealous to prevent any one from marrying a Protestant on terms of equality. Since he, as a Protestant teacher especially, could not have married a Catholic lady, if he had wished to do so, and since he saw, in a few families, the evil consequences of such a religious intolerance, he wished, by the following story, to give vent to his feelings about the unreasonable and fatal demands of the priesthood.

Many, many years ago, there lived in the Orient a youth, with the name of Timur. He was in the full bloom of growing manhood, where the mind is so susceptible for everything sublime, where the heart is so wide for everything beautiful. Thus all things grand and lovely made also upon him the deepest impression. With the most heartfelt love did he embrace the whole human race; the whole nature seemed to smile on him and gladdened his heart, which was open to the most blissful emotions. Often did he ramble about solitary, be-

tween meadows and gardens, in the fields and in the woods; every cheerful chirping of the birds on the boughs, every pearl of dew on the nodding blade of grass, every expanding variegated blossom that met his eye, put him into a rapture of admiration.

Once, during one of these rambles, he passed by a garden, and accidentally he glanced over the enclosure to look at the objects within. The garden was full of the most splendid flowers, and Timur's eye was gladdened by the beautiful aspect of this assemblage of blooming plants, which was apparently so well taken care of. Soon, however, one single one among the flowers riveted his attention; it was an exceedingly beautiful Rose, which was standing not very far off. The full buds had just then opened, and were shining, with the softest and most lovely tints, in the full lustre of the first bloom. A sweet odor arose from out its expanded disk, and filled the air around with a balmy fragrance.

Timur was standing there a long time, absorbed in gazing upon this magnificent flower; so beautiful, so fragrant it seemed to him, he had never seen a Rose before. Fain he would have approached it nearer, the better to enjoy its aspect and its fragrance, but he found the gate of the garden

locked. After a long pensive contemplation, at last he turned away in order to forget this occurrence in the busy hum of every-day life. But his soul's tranquillity was lost; his imagination was filled with nothing but images of his Rose; a powerful charm seemed to have encircled him, so that his whole heart clung to this flower, and that it seemed to him he could not live without it.

The next morning found him again at the enclosure. And behold, now the Rose had turned its head exactly towards the side where he stood, as though it nodded to him, friendly bidding him welcome. The trembling rays of the morning sun fell upon its full blossom, so that a soft blush seemed to be spreading over it when Timur appeared, and two glittering dew-drops were lying on the edge of its petals. What could they mean? Were they tears of joy or of sorrow?

Timur was standing there, as if bound to the spot by a charm. At last, when the sun had already traversed a great part of his daily course, the enchanted youth made a violent effort, and with a sudden resolution he turned round, and withdrew. Not forever though. The spell yet bound and ruled his heart and senses, and every morning and every evening he hastened to his beloved Rose.

The owner of the garden had observed this. He was an old man, with venerable silvery hair and a deeply furrowed, thoughtful brow; but he was full of artifice and cunning. One evening he stepped forth from his summer-house, walked towards Timur, and asked him, "What are you gazing at, and what do you muse about?" Timur raised his eyes, overshadowed by melancholy and longing feelings, and said, "Oh, father, give me this Rose; it must be mine; my heart is clinging to it." The old man shook his head and answered, "No, I cannot give you this Rose; not a single flower is to be given away out of my garden." "Oh, Sir," sighed Timur, "my soul is bound up in it; give it to me, else I die for ardent desire." "If the flower is really so dear to you," replied the old man, "then I can give you only one advice. I am just now about to enlarge my garden, and I am in want of assistance. Now be you my servant, then you can be continually in the garden. I will make you a present of the Rose, and so you can nurse and cherish it to your heart's desire. I give you time to consider it." And forthwith the old man retired, and left Timur to commune with his own thoughts.

Timur also went away, but an inexpressible misery now overwhelmed him, and oppressed his

heart. The Rose was to be awarded to him, but only when he forfeited his liberty, and this had always in his sight been the inalienable, the dearest, the most sacred right of man. Alas, what a conflict, what a tempest was now raging in his poor heart, which was lacerated and tortured by the most discordant feelings.

Long and violent was the combat, but at last that feeling which the Creator has planted as a fundamental principle in every noble soul, overcame the charm which had held his heart encircled by its magic influence. Love of liberty was the conqueror, and never did Timur see his Rose again. The spell, however, was not altogether broken. A never-ceasing, ardent desire, firmly enshrined and concealed in his bosom, slowly consumed his vital power; sad and melancholy, he wandered about in his father's garden.

His father was rich, and their garden was so beautiful, that it seemed to be a terrestrial paradise. But all the hosts of beautiful flowers that were blooming there in the most brilliant colors and in the softest tints, and which gladdened the heart of every beholder, all these lovely beings had no beauty in the sight of one: to Timur they were as though they did not exist.

And even before Autumn was approaching, the

beloved Rose also pined away. The gardener saw that it was drooping, and he nursed it with the greatest care, and to the best of his knowledge. But alas! he did not know that all his endeavors could be of no avail. There was a worm gnawing at its root, and it sapped its core, so that there could be no hope of restoring it to its former healthfulness.

And when the Rose had dropped its head, never to raise it again, then Timur's sorrowing heart also ceased to beat. With mourning he was borne to his last place of rest, and many were the tears that fell upon the grave which had opened itself too early, to receive the earthly habiliment of a soul which was so capable and so worthy of enjoying for a long time the wonders of this beautiful, magnificent and enchanting earth.

A PARABLE.

A KIND and loving father sent his son far beyond the sea, into a distant country, where there was the greatest prospect that he might gain a large amount of wealth, dignity and honor. He recommended him warmly to one of his friends, who was living there, and when the youth safely landed on the distant shore, he was most cordially received and welcomed by his father's friend. Like a second father, the latter did for him all that was in his power; he let him learn the language of the country, made him acquainted with the institutions and the customs of the nation, and gave him all other information that might be necessary or useful.

Having thus fitted out his protegée, he allowed and caused him to depend upon his own resources and exertions, and, kindly admonishing him and giving him his blessing, he let the youth depart from his house, that he might seek his fortune for

himself. The young man travelled thereupon through several parts of the country; he heard and saw a great many new things, and he became acquainted with a vast number of persons. Nobody, however, was to be found that showed an inclination to assist him effectually in acquiring wealth; everybody seemed to care only for himself, and the most of them seemed to have difficulty enough in procuring what was necessary to satisfy their own wants.

Saddened in his heart by this experience, he was once wandering through a wild and lonely mountain region. He was thinking about his fate and his prospects, and he was just saying to himself: "I am sure my father is wise and kind-hearted, therefore he never would have sent me hither, if he had not known that it would serve to make me happy!" Behold, then, all at once, something glittered before him on the ground. He stooped, and picked up a very valuable precious stone; and, comforted, he went further on his way.

After having travelled another day among the mountains, alone, but with a confiding heart, he met an old man, by whom he was accosted thus: "Young man, when I entered into this deserted mountain path, I had but very little means to provide myself with food. Please share with me the

provisions you have, otherwise I must live on berries and wild roots." The youth had not much left, himself, and was hardly sure of reaching the habitations of men before he might have consumed the residue; but without hesitating a moment, he followed the prompting of his noble heart, and shared with the old man the little he had in his possession.

Then the man's features began to beam with joy and delight, and he said: "O, you generous and kind-hearted youth! I only put you to the test. I am not so poor as I pretended to be. I only wished to see whether you would be noble-hearted enough to assist and succor the destitute, when you had no hopes of being recompensed, or when you were even in danger of exposing yourself to necessity by comforting the needy. As a reward accept this diamond; it has an immense value."

They parted, and the youth soon afterwards arrived in a large city. Here he found an employment which suited his capacity and his inclination. He was faithful and diligent in discharging the duties which devolved upon him, and thus he was not only respected as an honorable and trustworthy man, but he also reaped, in the length of time,

considerable pecuniary advantages from his occupation.

His father had heard about his success, and was well acquainted with his sterling character. So he longed to see him again, and to reward him for having hitherto spent his life in so good a way. Therefore he invited his beloved son to return home, and to settle in the place where the home of his childhood was, and where he might dwell with those that were dearest to his heart. The dutiful son gladly complied with his father's wish; he exchanged his property for another precious stone, and thus he departed with his three valuable jewels to return to his fatherland. Having arrived there in safety, he sunk into the open arms of his loving father, and led afterwards a life full of joy and angelic peace and beatitude.

We men resemble this youth. Our heavenly Father sends us upon this earth, that we may gain spiritual treasures. Our parents guide us with a loving hand, until we, bodily and mentally, are sufficiently strong to depend upon ourselves, in order to gain for us heavenly treasures. Three precious stones there are which we must try, with all our energy, to get possession of. The first, which we can acquire as well in sorrowful as in

joyful days, is *Faith*, — a belief in God, virtue, and immortality. The second is the fulfilment of the law, *Charity*, — which is ours, if we work for the welfare of our fellow-creatures and seek not only our own. When we have gained these two jewels, then the third cannot fail to fall to our lot: it is *Hope*, — which leads us quietly and softly over into the land beyond the grave. Being in possession of these treasures, we are sure to meet with a kind reception in our heavenly home, where there will be joy, peace, and happiness for ever and ever.

THE FOUR SEASONS IN MAN'S LIFE.

HUMAN LIFE has been an inexhaustible source of comparisons, in ancient and in modern times, and has been represented by the most various images and figures, as well in its single periods as in its duration on the whole; considered from its sunny as well as from its shady side; either in regard to its tendency and principal object, or in regard to incident and minor circumstances.

In its periods it has been very happily compared to the parts of the day and of the year. These two comparisons, especially the latter, are very prolific sources for contemplation. The Seasons, as the main divisions of the year, can be traced in the life of man, in their succession, in their appearance and symptoms, and in their influence and results.

The four Seasons form a whole, form one single round, in which Nature runs through a circle of development, progress, and decay. The Spring is

justly considered to be the beginning of this round, because it is the time of awakening and originating life; the Spring therefore is, in regard to Nature, the first season of the year. When the Spring approaches, then everything around us is roused from its long Winter-sleep; the hidden germs develop themselves in a wonderful, incomprehensible way; new and young life springs forth everywhere. The silent, leafless forest clothes itself in light verdure; its hallowed vaults resound again with the sweet melodies of the songsters, which were silent so long a time; the fields are adorned with thriving crops; the meadows are covered with a magnificent tapestry of glittering and fragrant flowers. Wherever there is a fertile spot, there life is stirring, there is at least a little blade of grass growing, or a tiny, tender moss. There are very few places where the mother earth and all the powers of nature have tried in vain to produce new life; very few there are of that kind, in comparison with the fertile ones. New life is thus germinating everywhere, for the benefit and the enjoyment of all living beings.

However, we must not overlook the fact, that a great many weeds spring up and grow interspersed with all these useful things, and that they must be suppressed or destroyed, so that the other plants

may not be spoiled or stunted. Above all these things, with which the Spring surrounds us, a clear blue sky is expanding; thunder-storms are a rare occurrence; they trouble only seldom yet the harmony which reigns over the whole Nature.

Such is the Spring in the physical world; such it is also figuratively in human life. It is true, when Nature at present begins its round with the Spring, it does only what it has done frequently before, and man, when he begins the course of his life with his Spring, with his childhood and youth, enjoys his vernal season for the first time. The comparison holds good, nevertheless; the preceding Spring is only connected with the following one, inasmuch as it furnishes the germs and other means which make it possible that new life should appear in the latter. Thus the young human being, and the young physical world, receive from the past nothing except the possibility of their existence, and some means for further development.

This development is in man quite of the same character, as we observe it to be in Nature. Weak and tender are the buds when they first show themselves, but ere youth, the spring-time of life, has passed away, they are developed. There everything is growing, everything is expanding. The soul manifests itself in the beginning almost im-

perceptibly by sensation, then by perception and observation, and thus the field for spontaneity and activity is opened, and more and more enlarged; one feeling, one conception, one wish, after the other are perceptible.

The body also gradually develops itself, and proves to be the crowning piece of the whole material creation, worthy of being the dwelling and the instrument of the spirit. Who would be able to count them up, all those manifestations of the soul, and all those actions which the body is capable of performing in the soul's service! The greatest variety is to be found here, as well as in Nature, and here, too, almost every spot, so to say, is made use of. In the bodily system every particle has its definite use; all the mental faculties can be applied to some purpose or other. It is true, to the lot of one man there has fallen a greater share of mental power and universality, and of bodily endowments, than to that of another; yea, many seem to be very scantily provided for by Nature's busily working hand, yet there is almost always susceptibility to some extent, and the youth of almost every human being presents a wide field for development.

Upon this field, however, just as well as upon that of Nature, we discover some weeds which are

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apt to luxuriate, if they are not carefully kept down or, if possible, rooted out. They may do a great deal of damage, if they are not soon discovered and attended to. The heavenly vault in Nature we find to be the type of fate in human life; youth is like Spring. Many a poet already has sung of the rosy days of childhood, of the years of peace and harmlessness; where a father's and a mother's love watched over us; where fancy adorned the chambers of our mind with the most beautiful pictures; where the passions were not yet unchained; where roaring thunder-storms very seldom swept destroying over our pathway.

The youth of nature and of man present such a charming picture, that we fain would cling to them, if not forever, at least for a long, long time. But the Ruler of the universe has willed it to be otherwise; the germ develops itself steadily, and it is not long before the full-grown plant is there before us. The Spring is followed by the Summer. The latter shows us Nature in quite a different garment. We now look in vain for the former mild and pleasant sky above us; the scorching rays of the sun exhaust the succulence of the growing vegetation, and overpowering heat presses down the dweller upon earth; black thunder-clouds rise above the horizon, forked lightnings dart through

the sky, and the thunder is rolling over our heads, and the hurricane throws down whatever it meets in its way. The vegetation is changed. The light green of the woods has turned darker by degrees, and has now quite a serious aspect; the buds have been opened long ago; yea, the blossoms have already for the greater part died away, and have made room for the less fragrant and less beautiful, but more substantial fruit; the growing crops have reached their state of maturity, have turned into waving cornfields, and invite us to begin the merry harvest-time. Thus is the Summer, on the whole, the time of maturity, where everything seems to remind us of more grave and serious things, where the ends and purposes of the developed beings begin to be visible.

If we now look upon manhood, the Summer of life, we find similar phenomena. The harmless days of childhood and youth have passed away. Man has entered into social and political relations, and must try to accommodate his own actions to those of others, and it happens frequently that one or the other clash is the cause of some growing misunderstanding and strife. Besides, the smiling, innocent images that were flitting before the child's soul, have mostly vanished, and their place is filled by desires which partly are turned towards low

worldly objects, desires which violently agitate the heart, and which carry us headlong into pernicious actions, if we do not prevent them from becoming unbridled passions.

However, this is not the whole picture of the years of manhood, otherwise it would be a very gloomy one; manhood is also the time for the full enjoyment of our power of action. The time of preparatory development has preceded it, and all the faculties and powers of the mind and of the body show themselves now in greater significance, in more momentous activity; just as the Summer spreads out before the reaper a large harvest-field, so manhood brings the developed faculties of man into effective operation. Every one is then working for his own benefit, and for that of his fellow-creatures.

From these years man passes gradually over into old age, so as in Nature the Autumn gradually enters into the dominion which the Summer quits. The Autumn is the real time for gathering fruit. What the two preceding seasons have formed, appears now in its intended perfection; what Spring and Summer have been working, that is all falling to the lot of Autumn, and the wealth of the latter depends upon the degree of generative and developing power of the former. If there has been

a decided failure in the growth of plants, then the Autumn brings no fruit, or at least only some of inferior quality. This is, however, very rarely the case. The crops are generally tolerably good, often even abundant.

Now, when the time of fruit-gathering has come, all hands are busy; the garners are filled with costly stores, and man expects now in tranquillity to enjoy the fruit of his labor. He looks with confidence forward to the Winter, for before this season arrives he has enjoyed and consumed but little yet of his gathered fruit, and he knows that he will have plenty left to cheer and to comfort him during the coming time of Winter.

These material results has the Autumn for man, but other phenomena does this season bring with it too. We find no more on the fields the shining fragrant, flowery robe of Spring, nor the swelling plenty of Summer; the woods lose their verdure, and change their color into tints which are quite beautiful, but yet remind us of approaching decay. Everything gradually begins to appear as "growing old and withered." But one thing is most delightful; the heat of the Summer has subsided, and the sun no more sends down his scorching rays. The atmosphere has become soft and balmy, and the whole nature makes upon us an

impression of tranquillity, calmness and repose. We ourselves are partly enjoying very pleasant and beneficial sensations, but at the same time overcome by a melancholy feeling produced by the knowledge that this season soon will end. Sometimes already a chilling north wind, or a dense, disagreeable fog appears as a messenger of the approaching Winter.

The Autumn on the earth finds its parallel in the old age of man. It is true, religion and psychology teach us that man cannot attain the highest perfection here on earth; that he must, during his whole life, persevere in trying to develop his faculties; that there is no coming to a stand. Yet, in comparison to youth and manhood, we may justly call old age the Autumn of life, for we find it to be the time, where the body has reached, or even surpassed, its highest degree of perfection; the time, where the mind is more developed than ever before; the time where much fruit is gathered from the seed that was planted in earlier days.

In old age, too, the amount of wisdom and virtue depends on the vital power and energy of former years. So as on the earth a total failure is a rare occurrence, thus happily a total corruption and depravity of man in all his parts and faculties is very seldom met with; and if we do not look

upon mankind through the disfiguring spectacles of the misanthrope, we shall find that most persons have attained to a tolerable degree of mental and social culture, that many even, adorned with wisdom and virtue, shine forth from among the crowd as stars of first magnitude. To which of these classes a man belongs, according to this, a smaller or larger harvest-field will be spreading before him in his old age. If he has employed the years of his youth and manhood well in every respect, then he will possess in his old age a great amount of useful knowledge, a high degree of morality and religiousness, and also a sufficiency of worldly property. And of all this he can now enjoy the advantages; he can employ all his property and all his acquirements for his own benefit, and for the welfare of his fellow-creatures.

This is, however, not a complete picture of old age. As the Autumn is exempt from the scorching heat of Summer, thus old age is no more disturbed by the glowing desires of youth and manhood; those storm-like passions have long since died in his breast, and everything is taking a more quiet and serious course. As in Autumn, forest and field lose their verdure, so the old man's hair is bleaching, and at last only a few silvery locks adorn his temples. The whole body shows

some signs that its progressing development is stopped; the elasticity and the strength of the limbs begin to decrease, the erect position is changing into a stooping one, the step begins to be wavering — all this is but too clear a proof that the dissolution is not far.

The circle of Nature is closed by the Winter. When this season commences, then every sign of activity disappears; Nature is lying down to enjoy its winter sleep, and to rest after the exertions of the past seasons. All around we meet the looks of death. The forest is standing there in its gloominess; the trees are deprived of their beautiful foliage; the choristers, that were singing and rocking themselves on their boughs, have fled to a more congenial clime; meadows and fields are bare and deserted, and the wide plains are covered with one large snowy shroud; the icy, chilling north winds are sweeping over them, and turn even the water into one solid, immovable mass.

Nevertheless, if Nature now does not show in any way its vital and generative powers, these are, for all that, not entirely destroyed; they are only dormant; they only rest, in order to gain new energy for the work which they have to commence again. Thus Nature fulfils its circular course, and soon it will commence its round anew, and awake

the earth to renewed life. And this it will do over and over again; for while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease. They shall continue until the Ruler of the universe commands the wheels of the great clock-work of the world to stand still,—until He who can create suns and destroy them, shall make a new heaven and a new earth, more glorious than those before them.

The winter of human life is—Death. The vital spark, which was burning more and more dimly, at last is extinguished. Like the icy winds of the Winter, the cold breath of Death has laid the old sire low, has benumbed the motive-power in his body; the eye has lost its lustre; paleness covers the cheeks; and silenced is the mouth, from which not long ago the wisest precepts, a gathering of many a year's experience, were flowing. Those busy hands are no more stirring; in fine, every sign of activity has disappeared. The corpse is wrapped in the shroud, is deposited in its last place of repose, and given up to corruption.

But not the whole of man is carried into the grave. Just as the physical, organic world dies only externally, and as its internal, vital power remains, thus only the external, physical part of man

dies; the better part, the spirit, is not destroyed. The empire of reason finds here its boundary, and Faith enters here into the rights of government. Faith is our comforter during life; it teaches us calmly to meet death. We believe that God will not annihilate our soul.

Now here is a slight difference between man and the natural world. We do not believe that the former, or rather his spirit, will live anew, and go through just such a round of human life, clothed, perhaps, with another earthly body; no, we believe that the spirit returns to God who gave it, and that it goes over into eternal life. But our faith also tells us "that our works follow us." Whether a man has provisions enough to live comfortably, and to get through a long and severe winter, depends on the way in which he has spent the spring, summer and autumn; where he ought to have sown good seed, ought to have attended to facilitating its growth, and ought carefully to have gathered the ripe fruit. Thus we believe that the blissfulness of eternal life depends upon the manner in which we have made use of our earthly days; whether we have tried to develop all those faculties with which nature has endowed us, and whether we have endeavored to wind round our head a wreath of flowers composed of tokens of

love and gratitude, given to us by those who have experienced justice, kindness and benevolence at our hands. He only who has diligently tried to do so, can with confidence look forward towards the winter of his life; he can look steadfastly into the face of death; he need not regret parting from the earth. No, with gladness does he lay down his head upon his dying couch; he rejoices at the prospect of going over into a better land, where he no more will be oppressed by earthly fetters, where he will acquire higher wisdom and beatitude, where he will receive an imperishable crown of glory!

GERMANY IN THE SPRING OF 1848.

A VISION:

WHICH THE LAST FIVE YEARS HAVE PROVED TO BE BUT A VISION.

Wildly foaming and powerful is the stream of Time dashing along; between rocks and through ravines it seeks its way; sunken rocks are bristling below its surface, and whirlpools, deeper than Scylla and Charybdis, are girding its shores. On the current there is floating a vessel; the unshackled winds howl in its rigging, and threaten every moment to tear the sails into pieces; high on the top of the mast the black-red-golden streamer is lashed by the storm; at the bow, the figure of Germania is standing, dipping her feet into the angry waves. And all the sons of the brave Armenius have entrusted themselves to this vessel.

Who is at the helm, to guide the vessel with those confided to it? When the river was yet flowing along smooth like a mirror, and when

there was no air stirring, Oh, then all was so quiet and calm on board; the sons of Arminius were sleeping, and their guardian, an old man, bent with age, held the helm in his hand and guided the vessel just as he liked, assisted by a crew which was blindly submitting to his commands. He rejoiced at the voyage, which seemed so free from danger; he treated himself to all the good things which his pupils had taken on board. Sometimes, for pleasure's sake, did he again ascend the river for some distance, and he was not at all grieved at seeing that other vessels, without deviating in the least from their course, were steering directly towards the end of their journey, and that they, and not his protegées, gained the prize which was beckoning to them to hurry on. The truth was, that he was afraid he would have done acting his part, if he should bring his pupils to the place they were bound for; he did not have the confidence, that he, as a faithful Mentor, would even then be welcome to them as a dear friend, as an experienced counsellor, and valuable assistant. He thought, therefore: "Let us glide down as slow as we can, that we may enjoy everything that is nice and good, as long as possible."

But now? what shall now become of them? The howling of the storm has startled the Teutons

out of their sweet repose; they arise, and look around, and—what do they behold? Alas! how cruelly have they been deceived! Confiding in their honored guide, they had laid themselves down to sleep, firmly believing and hoping that he would conduct them safely and quickly, and would awake them at the goal, with the glad tidings: "You are there; my work is done. Receive the last fruit of my cares!" And now they see far, far off, the last vessels already approaching the port; they have passed the cliffs and eddies, and they are sure, by one skilful manœuvre, to reach the harbor in safety. And where are they themselves?

Really, in such a situation a coward would have been prostrated by a paralyzing terror. However, not envy, not anguish, not discouragement, is the first feeling that seizes upon the awakened sons of the hero; but, gnashing with their teeth, they cast, all in the same moment, their eyes upon the helmsman, and without wanting a moment for determining upon a preconcerted action, they rush towards him like one man, and snatch the helm from his hand.

The crew, conscious of the way they had acted, and shrinking before the suddenly awakened wrath of their passengers, partly jump overboard, and try swimming to reach the shore, or hope at least by a

compassionate wave to be thrown on the beach. A part of them remain, and promise most submissively to do at the very moment what they are bidden.

The most impetuous one among the Teutons raises his nervy arm with the intention of throwing the old man into the boiling waves, but in the others not every spark of devotional feeling has died as yet; they cause their brother to desist, and grant the old man that he, too, may enjoy the feeling of safety, if they should succeed in saving their vessel, hoping yet, in the simplicity of their hearts, that he then would act in concert with them for their common welfare.

In the mean time, however, their situation has become more desperate yet; the storm is raging more furiously than ever, wilder yet are the waves rolling, and the vessel is tossed about in its shapeless course. One thing only can save them; the wisest, the strongest, the most determined and most courageous one among them must seize the helm; with a steady eye and a firm hand must he prescribe the vessel its course; his brothers must implicitly obey the commands of his shrill whistle, and quickly execute on the masts and yards the orders they receive.

But who is the one that ought to be at the helm?

And will the others obey him? Their guardian has, until now, been acting for them; they cannot estimate each other's strength, nor have they each tried their own; they have not learned to command, nor have they learned to obey their equals. Will not then each one think himself to be the worthiest? Will not each one try to enforce his own opinion, because he has acted only for his own interest up to that time?

Woe to them if it is so. Then they are lost without recovery. But in peril men are apt to pray; should peril not teach them also unity and concord? And lo! the Teutons have already placed the preserver at the helm; if they now will work in concert with him, then they may with a hopeful courage look forward towards the Pharos whose far-shining light, from the distant entrance of the harbor, meets their anxious gaze. Therefore, we hail thee with a hearty welcome, thou German Parliament! therefore, Union! come thou among us, and remain with us for ever!

AN AUTHOR'S FATE.

I INTEND, in this moment, to write about an incident whose recollection carries me back to scenes of former years, to places beyond the ocean. At the time I am thinking of, I was occupied as teacher in a large institution. I had to teach there several large writing-classes, and because I then did not allow my scholars to write with steel pens, I was obliged to mend so many quills that I had to attend to this affair at home. Thoroughly German then in all my habits, I was accustomed to drink coffee in the afternoon, and to smoke a pipe at the same time; and when I was thus, after my return from school, sitting in my room, drinking, smoking and mending quills, I was in the best mood in the world for receiving anybody to talk with.

Now it happened one day that a pedler called on me, whilst I was in the state of tranquillity I

described just now. He was a Jew, perhaps thirty-five years old. He had been a dyer by trade, but was reduced to going about selling to his patrons, matches, sealing-wax, wafers, and other small things, and dealing occasionally in gold rings, breast-pins, &c. Formerly, he had travelled; had been all over Germany, and even in Hungary, and now he liked much to talk about his adventures. And besides, being somewhat of a simpleton, he liked to be ridiculed, or at least seemed to like it. Perhaps he did not always feel that persons were making fun of him. Though I had no propensity to do the latter, and even had not a turn for it, yet I liked to talk with him, and occasionally to laugh at his expense.

Since he observed that he was welcome at a time when I was not occupied in some other way, different from what he saw then, he repeated his visit from time to time, and I often whiled away an hour by talking with him. Thus he had gained a great deal of confidence in me, and he felt at liberty one day to say to me, he would like to ask a great favor from me. He was about to publish a book, and he wished me to write a preface to it. I succeeded in showing him a countenance as grave and serious as possible, and said, I would do anything to oblige him, but that I must see the book

first, otherwise the preface might fit as a calico patch on a silk gown. I asked whether he had already written one. He said he had it done, though he had not exactly written it; he had only furnished the first draft, the facts, and a gentleman had had the kindness to file and to round off the whole. Who? That was a secret which he even could not reveal to me. The book was to contain the history of his eventful life, and to bear the beautiful title: "Man ought never to despair, or Autobiography of M. F. G."

Some days afterwards he brought me the manuscript. I read it, and found that it evidently had been written by two different persons; in the first part I recognized the style of one of my friends, a very talented but indolent young man. He had intentionally written in the most witty, romantic and poetic style about the most trivial and absurd affairs, and thus he had made a perfect parody on its subject. Unfortunately, as he was habitually volatile, he had got tired of it before getting through, and thus poor G. had been obliged to give it into less skilful hands, and the remainder was written in the style of a plain, unembellished narrative.

I saw the whole was a burlesque; but it might be the means of filling the poor fellow's purse a

little, so I determined to write him a preface. But what kind of preface was I to write? A commonplace one would not answer, and a humorous and very witty one I did not think I could write; so I wrote a very serious and high-sounding one, setting forth all the benefits mankind would derive from the publication of that book, &c. It served as a set-off to the entertaining first part of the story.

My patron was very well satisfied with my preface; he thought it was beautiful; it expressed exactly what he himself would have said about his book. And now he busied himself about getting it printed. But alas! an unforeseen delay put a check to his activity, hopes and joys. It is true, he had beforehand induced a great many persons to subscribe to his book, but the most of them probably had thought it was a hoax, and never expected to see such a book. Nobody was willing to pay him, unless the copy subscribed for were delivered; and the printer was not willing to part with the printed sheets, unless he was paid. Thus poor G., who had no money of his own, was in a plight; there was no way of getting his spiritual children out of their prison below the printer's desk.

Thus matters were pending for a long time. At

last — it was a few weeks before I left Europe — my friend came into my room, his face beaming with joy, and his whole person in a state of great excitement. I asked what was the matter. "Oh, I have got my wife again! Now I must have an appendix to my book! Please will you write it for me?" "With the greatest pleasure," said I; "please sit down and acquaint me with the circumstances." When I was well posted, and when my patron had left me, I wrote the following appendix in G.'s name, with the same views and intentions that had guided me in writing the preface.

APPENDIX.

Dear reader, you know the saying, "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." This sentence holds true with me. If you have read my little book so far attentively, then you will have believed that you just now had arrived at its conclusion. And really it was my intention not to write any more. But in the fulness of my heart, I must now give you the text to another song, which you may try to bring into the right metre, and then sing it to the tune, "Shout the glad tidings." For it is gladness, it is great joyfulness, that prompts me to add these few words to my book, though I

know it will be done in a hurry, since the other part is already in print.

The attentive reader will have found out, that there is one comforting, sublime thought interwoven with the whole of my story, viz., "Man ought never to despair." But with what feelings did I deposit that thought there! Did I have any reason perhaps, whilst wishing to glory in the joyful certainty, that I had done toiling and suffering, that my hopes had not been vain, that I, after enduring a great deal of pain and trouble, had entered into a state of bodily and mental repose and happiness? Did I resemble those that talk big words, those who live themselves in joy and magnificence, and refer in the meanwhile their poor, suffering fellow-mortals to a happier state three days after doomsday?

No, nothing of the kind! It was a quick resignation mixed with melancholy feelings; it was a conviction deeply rooted in my bosom, a certainty that man's life, though it is subject to many changes, yet bears within something stable and solid, which never can perish, which enables a man to be firm and happy, even in critical situations. This it was that made me say, "Man ought never to despair." I had no idea then that this confidence would be visibly rewarded, much less that it

would be rewarded so soon. And yet this has come to pass. Yes, dear reader, my fate has taken a favorable turn; even now the palm is mine; I am no more the same lonely, deserted wanderer as I have described myself to you.

How has this happened? you ask. My answer is, "In a simple and yet in a wonderful way." I have told you how I established myself with the most favorable prospects, how I then by manifold misfortunes was reduced to misery; I have told you how I saw myself separated from my wife after so short a period of domestic happiness. Alas! those were dreary times that I lived through then! Twelve long, long years did I err and wander about and tarry on this terrestrial pilgrimage, lonely and desolate. All the storms that swept over my head, I had then to resist, relying on nothing but my own strength, like the oak, which stands alone on the open field, exposed to winds from every quarter of the globe. There was no tender, loving being at my side, who might have comforted and cheered me, when misfortune threatened to crush me.

Now imagine what must have been the state of rapture I was in, when all on a sudden the sun of happiness smiled upon me, when Heaven sent such a being to my side, and that — in the person of my

lawful wife. Travelling on business, I passed through L., her residence. To my utter astonishment, I heard there, through the medium of some friends, that my wife now would be willing to come to me, and live with me. As I said, I was astonished; but we believe easily what we believe willingly. And I really believed willingly, for indeed I never had hated her; what there was to be forgiven, I had forgiven long ago, and for years it had been my most ardent wish that we might be reconciled and reunited. Thus I believed easily, too, and my faith was crowned: I came, I saw, and — conquered? No; that was not necessary. I lay happy in the embrace of my darling, who had been lost, and was now found again.

The further adjustment of the affair is very simple and easily told. My wife declared she would joyfully share my fate, and would be henceforth to me a faithful companion on my pilgrimage. I accepted this offer with gladness, and we agreed about the measures we had to take. A few weeks later, when all obstacles had been removed, my wife departed from L., and travelled as far as the borough of W., about five miles from here. When I was informed that she had arrived, I went and conducted her home,—in triumph? No! I cannot say just that. Not, like the first time, had neigh-

bors and friends prepared her a festive reception; our modest habitation was not adorned with wreaths and garlands. But instead of that, another triumph was prepared for her; I mean the heartfelt joy which was expressed on her and on my face, even much more visibly than fourteen years ago. I know if we had vented, in that moment, our feelings, as people do in an opera, we should have burst out — not in the song: "I wish thou wert my own," but in this one: "O thine, O mine, forever!"

But I must repeat once more what I have said: However simple this story may be, yet it is a wonderful one. I told you, without any hesitation, why my wife left me twelve years ago. Since that time she had been living comfortably with her parents, and after their demise — four years since — she had been very kindly received by her brothers, and had lived in affluence. She knew that I could not strew her couch with roses, and yet she determined, of her own free will, once more to unite her lot with mine with indissoluble ties. And why this? One who has not experienced yet himself what love is capable of, has at least read about it in novels. But in what persons does love generally show itself so powerful? It is in those, who, during the first budding of their heart, are

subdued by the full power of this feeling; in those who have not been buffeted yet by the world and all its troubles, pains and misery. You say, only in first love there is energy.

But now, think of the events of our former life. How little did our love seem to have cast deep roots, yea, how did it seem to have died altogether, and yet it burst forth again in its whole vigor. Is not this wonderful? Yet, why should I muse on it? The poet says, "Only what is, is in the right," and so will I then enjoy that which is, the joy which the present offers me. I am happy. I am not greatly blessed with worldly treasures; but he who is satisfied with a little, finds easily what he wants. And one treasure I have, which rewards me for all the sufferings I have endured so long with quiet resignation. Therefore I look with confidence into the future; with my left arm I embrace my Kalle; the right I extend towards the stars, and I speak from the innermost recesses of my quiet, joyously breathing bosom:

"MAN OUGHT NEVER TO DESPAIR."

Mr. G. was perfectly charmed with this addition to his great work, which thus, to anybody's eyes

but his own, must seem to be a very odd conglomeration.

Whilst I was writing those pages for him, my mind had dwelt so much on his exquisite domestic happiness, that I was very desirous to have a glance at it myself. So I took occasion to step into his house. He introduced me to his loving wife, a squint-eyed little Jewess. As it happened to be their passover, I had to eat unleavened bread with them, and to taste their raisin wine, and thus I had leisure to observe what a happy, united couple they were now. A few days after I had had this charming spectacle before my eyes, I left Europe, and I did not see, therefore, the work I had had a hand in.

Several months after my arrival in this country I received a letter from a friend, in which I was made further acquainted with the fate of our author and his book. The publication had been delayed yet for some time; but at last, when some bookseller had offered to be his security, our friend was put in the possession of his treasure, and soon he was seen strutting through the streets, with his books under his arm, ready to make his patient subscribers happy by at last delivering to them this important product of his genius, or rather of his industry. But how much was he astonished

and shocked, when he found that there were some persons not willing to receive the book, and much less to pay for it. He was, however, too benevolent to be satisfied with that; he thought, like many other great people, "if persons are not willing to accept a good thing, it must be forced upon them, as upon children." So he went to law with them, and they were obliged by the court, if not to accept and to read his book, at least to pay for it.

Some wags had strengthened our credulous friend in his belief, that his book was really a valuable production, and so he determined to present some splendid copies of it to the Queen of England, to the President of the French Republic, to the King of Prussia, to the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, to the Queen of Greece, and to the Archduke Stephen, (the two latter were on a visit in Oldenburg.) The first three copies were despatched by mail; but, alas! the first two were not accepted; were sent back without having been opened, and Mr. G. had to pay a heavy postage, going and coming. Of the fate of the third copy my correspondent was not informed.

Our author determined to deliver the other three copies mentioned, in person; but in order to do so, he had to appear in a dress-coat, and a dress-coat he had not. A friend and brother of his creed,

who thought there was something to be gained on this occasion, loaned him some money to buy the desired article with; but for fear that he might sell the coat, it had directly to be delivered to his creditor, who was to take care of it until his departure. There was some delay yet, and in the mean while the creditor had a very good chance to sell the coat to advantage; such a temptation he could not withstand; and when our author was ready to depart, there was no coat. Sad disappointment! Lamentable situation!

However, there was yet one compassionate person to be found, who at last lent him a coat; and now our friend departed for the capital, in high spirits and with buoyant hopes. He was really admitted into the presence of the high personages; his gift was graciously accepted, and he received the reward for his kind attention in the shape of a few bright shining dollars. No sooner had he been dismissed, when he communicated the glad tidings to his wife. In the letter he inclosed — a florin. But bad luck again! When he arrived home, he found that his wife had not been able to get possession either of the letter, or of the florin it contained. In the flurry his success had produced, he had directed the letter to Mr. instead of Mrs. G., and the postmaster had not been willing to give

the letter up to a person who, for aught he knew, perhaps pretended only to be the wife of the person addressed. Postage again to be paid for nothing!

I hope this has been the last disappointment the poor author has met with! May the laurels he has won adorn his temples for a long while yet! May he never forget to follow his own principle and motto:

"MAN OUGHT NEVER TO DESPAIR."

A VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

It was in the Spring of 1849, when I left my home in the north-western part of the Grand-dukedom of Oldenburg. I went to Bremen with the intention of taking passage in the steamer Washington, which was advertised as having been newly fitted up, so that fourteen passengers could be accommodated, besides those that several months ago had engaged all the berths the steamer contained. Notwithstanding the expedition with which I departed and travelled, I arrived too late; the last berth had been engaged the very morning on which I applied. Being thus disappointed, I sailed down the Weser, on board the steamboat which was to carry the passengers for the Washington. A friend of mine, who was going out in her, introduced me to the agent who was on board, and he tried to get accommodations for me, but it was in vain.

With what feelings I parted from my friend, and submitted to my fate of staying behind, and landed at Bremen-haven, all this I cannot describe. I did not *know*, then, that this was an accident which would prove to be advantageous to me; I do not know even whether I *trusted* it would. So it is with us mortals. Though we think we trust in a Divine Providence, yet in the hour of darkness and trial we find that it is a hard thing not to waver for a moment.

It was very doubtful whether I should be able soon to find another opportunity to depart. The Danes, at that time, had blockaded the German coast, and did not allow any German vessel to leave the port. On my arrival in Bremen-haven, I learned, to my great satisfaction, that there were a few English vessels almost ready to depart with "a load of emigrants." I looked about, and after having inquired into the particulars, I took passage in a vessel called the Alexander Edmond. A week, however, passed before we were ready to set sail, and in the mean while I tried to make myself at home in seamen's life, and among the people I had to deal with.

For several months I had been very diligent in studying English, and so I thought I should get along very well. On one of the vessels, I was once

about to enter into a conversation with the steward, and asked him how many *passeng-ers* they had, (putting the accent on the second syllable.) He looked at me with astonishment for some time; then he asked, "What say?" I thought it queer that he could not understand my pure English; but he knew only of *pas-sengers*, and not of *passeng-ers*. This showed me at once, that I had to learn and to unlearn much; the English language cannot be learned from books alone.

The 19th of April was appointed as the day of our departure, and all hands and all goods being on board, the crew tried to bring the vessel through the sluice out of the harbor, but in vain. Head wind, snow, and rain, and a high tide conspired against them. So I was allowed to pass one more night on dry land with my hospitable friends there, after having once bidden farewell to them, to home, and to my paternal soil.

On the following day we met with better success, and the ship was soon brought out into the stream. The wind was favorable, and we hoped at once to sail down the river; but it was not to be so. The anchor was dropped. In the afternoon the captain came on board with an agent who read the list of passengers in the "between-deck," but both returned to Bremen-haven, and the captain did

not re-appear in our midst before the next day. After his return we set sail, but the wind was favorable only for about one hour, and then it was against us for several days. A very trying time this was. Sometimes we were gliding down with the tide for a short distance, then we had to lay by again for many hours.

At last we worked our way down to the mouth of the river, and on the evening of the 24th we dropped our anchor east of the Island of Wangeroge, very few miles from the coast of the main land. Never shall I forget that evening, where I bade my last farewell to the home of my childhood, I knew not for what length of time, perhaps forever. It was almost a fortnight since I had left home, and there now was my native place again lying before me only a few miles off, and yet unapproachable. Through the captain's spy-glass, which was an excellent one, I could distinctly recognize the church near which I had passed my infancy, the high tower of the castle and the adjacent town in which I had spent a number of years, and I could discern many, many other places which memory clung to with joyful recollections. There it was spread out before me, the land of the past, the scene of my golden boyhood, the scene of many a year's earnest and serious occupation, and behind me there was

the wide, wide ocean, and the prospect into an unknown, dark, and doubtful future. A long time was I standing there, lost to everything near around me. At last, long after the sun had sunk below the horizon, and sable night had covered land and sea with her dark veil, I sought my place of rest to give myself up to that blessed comforter who has already eased so many a heart, and softened so many a grief.

On the following day we sailed further along the German, and then along the Dutch coast, where I could distinguish some objects with the spy-glass. Slowly we were getting along through the North Sea, the wind being very low. We, under our proud English colors, were, of course, not molested by the Danes. We had, however, the pleasure, or rather were grieved to see a Danish frigate. We had left Bremen-haven in company with two other vessels, and we had kept all the time pretty near together. A brig with Russian colors was behind us. The frigate fired upon her, and she had to come nearer and to send her papers on board. Oh! what a shame and disgrace? When will Germany be one single, powerful, and respected country, which dares to hoist its own flag on the ocean, and knows how to protect it?

On the 30th of April we had at last arrived be-

fore the English Channel, being thus as far as we might have been in two or three days under more favorable circumstances. Then, about noon a fresh easterly breeze sprung up, and the forty-eight hours following that moment, were the most beautiful and pleasant of the whole voyage. Soon the English coast loomed up from the western horizon, and with it hundreds and hundreds of vessels, which were hastening towards the great metropolis or sailing away from it. Then the opposite Belgian and French coast became visible, and at four o'clock we were sailing with a splendid breeze into the Channel, passing between Dover and Calais. We were so near the English coast that we could distinguish the streets in Dover and the parts of the fortress above it on the height. O, England is like a beautiful, splendid pearl swimming in the wide ocean. As I saw it lying there before me, with its white shining rocks, its green forests, its populous cities and its beautiful villas, — the home of a powerful great nation, — alas! a feeling came over me, as though I would like to call such a country my fatherland.

On the following day we sailed along the southern coast of the island, passed near the beautiful Isle of Wight, and, at night, favored by the most charming weather, we took delight in watching the

many light-houses which guide the watchful mariner safely along this dangerous coast. On the next day the land receded, and at last it disappeared altogether from our sight. We were glad that we had traversed these dangerous waters in about two days, and we considered this as an indemnification for the former loss of time.

As we now were steering out upon the wide ocean, many an impatient mind already calculated that possibly we might be "there" in a fortnight, or *at least* in three weeks. But he who entrusts himself in a sailing vessel to the Atlantic, which is more than three thousand miles wide, had better not "calculate," or "reckon," perhaps even not "guess"; it is better to be half listless and thoughtless, and to give one's fate entirely up to the Almighty, in whose hands it is at all events. I have fared well, observing this rule; and often, whilst others were lamenting, I did not lose my patience. A good portion of equanimity, however, was necessary quietly to endure such a voyage as we had. Other vessels that sailed about the same time with us, had no better fate than ours, but at the time it was no comfort to *have* companions in misfortune, because we could not *know* that we had any, and after all, that would not have been a humane way of consoling ourselves either. More aggravating

yet was it to meet with such a fate in Spring, where the voyages "out" are generally the shortest.

Whilst we had been in the North Sea, we had a few very pleasant and warm days, and the stove was removed from the cabin, but we regretted this afterwards exceedingly. The weather turned to be very cold, and remained so all the time, except the last few days. As late as after Whitsuntide I had to wrap myself up in a cloak, when I was on deck; and when we had to remain in the cabin on account of bad weather, and could not "walk" ourselves warm, then it was almost unendurable.

Yet, every one might have been willing to endure the cold, if we only had had favorable winds; but if we sometimes had had for a few hours a light easterly breeze, then we had again for days to battle against a violent west wind, or we were becalmed. Both were equally disagreeable occurrences. If we sometimes had no wind at all for two or three days, and the ocean was as smooth as a mirror, and the sails were hanging straight down, and the ship was literally not moving from the spot, then everybody enjoyed such a bodily rest exceedingly, especially the poor ones that suffered much from sea-sickness; but I believe, the pains which many were suffering mentally, instead of it, were worse yet. You have never seen a set of

people that looked more dissatisfied, impatient, fretful, and dejected, than such a large number of emigrants during such a calm.

On the other hand, when it began to storm, then other sufferings commenced. Up to the 8th of May things had been running pretty smoothly; only a few very weak persons had suffered a little from seasickness on the North Sea. On the day mentioned, however, a violent storm came on, and then things looked differently. Such a storm is a grand, awful thing. On that day and often afterwards did I stand on the poop, and looked at this sublime spectacle, but the last time it seemed to me just as grand as the first. The vessel is running almost under bare poles, for all the sails are taken in, except two or three which are reefed as short as possible; the wind is whistling and howling through the rigging; the ship is leaning so far on one side, that you have to take hold with both your hands of a beam or a part of the rigging, in order not to be thrown headlong into the water which you see boiling perpendicularly below you. If you look towards the bow, you see the waves come rolling towards you, one behind the other, as high as the middle of the mast; they are crowned with a huge crest of foam. Now the ship is on the top of one of them, now she dashes down into a valley,

and you think the next moment she may be buried below the mountain of water towering before her. Then she runs just against a wave, and she receives a most violent shock; the wave breaks over the vessel, the spray flies about on all sides and drenches everything, and those that are exposed to it can tell of more than of a soft sprinkling dew.

Such scenes we have often witnessed. Once we were for seventeen days exposed to such almost uninterrupted stormy weather. Those were dreary days! It is true, I believe, we have not encountered one of the most violent storms that ever rage on the ocean, at least I imagined, the most terrible would have been more terrible than what we saw; yet one night there was so much danger that the carpenter was ready, the hatchet in his hand, to cut the rigging in case a mast should break. A person who has not seen it, has no idea what an aspect an emigrant vessel presents at such times.

On the 8th of May almost every one was attacked by seasickness. Strange it was; I never would have believed that I should not suffer much, and yet I escaped almost entirely, with a few other passengers. But one morning they told me, I looked very pale; the cause was, I had been smoking after breakfast. The irritability of the digestive organs is at such times too great to allow of

any heterogeneous substance; and this irritability and a violent headache, I believe, are the real substance of this strange kind of sickness. Some persons were suffering exceedingly. There was a Catholic priest on board, who could not, during the whole time, retain anything he partook of. We all liked him very well on account of his constant good humor, and we pitied him accordingly. There was one lady who felt so miserable, that she declared she had no objection to being thrown overboard. I do not know whether she would have struggled or not, if we had tried it. On the whole, the attacks were pretty much looked upon as a laughable affair. If one grew pale, left our merry circle and went to the railing — unfortunately often to the wrong side, against the wind — he was often laughed at very heartily; and if he was not of too desponding a character, then he laughed himself too, as soon as he had got over the business.

As I suffered very little during the day, so I enjoyed generally a good rest during the night. Sometimes, however, the rolling and the plunging of the vessel awakened me all on a sudden, and I seized with both hands the post near my head, in order not to be flung out of the berth. At such times, and when the bleak light of the moon or of the morning dawn threw a dim glare through the skylights

into the nice little cabin in which four of us slept, I had sometimes a funny spectacle before me. I could not help laughing, when I saw boots and clothes and hat-boxes and trunks, and everything else that was not nailed or tied fast, rushing all at once towards one side, stopping there for a moment as if resting after such a violent exertion, and then rushing again "with a vengeance" towards the opposite side back again, and so on. It was as if a band of demons were holding their nightly revels there.

One of the hardest pieces of work on stormy days was eating and drinking. There were squares of wood nailed on the table and the plates were put between them, but very often one of the latter escaped from its prison and rushed to the other end of the table, and its contents run farther yet. If a person was very careful and took his plate or cup in his hand, but did not balance well, then the things, especially fluids, would slip out sideways and find their way not into his mouth, but into his neighbor's lap; and even if he had brought them near his lips, they often went down his throat — not inside, but outside.

Walking, standing and sitting were just as difficult feats as the former, and many a laughable scene was enacted, and bleeding noses were a thing not unheard of. Happy was he who could sit on

the floor of the cabin, fixing his back in a corner and putting his feet against a foot of the table which was nailed to the floor.

In this manner we worked on our way so far that we arrived on the 8th of June at the south end of the banks of Newfoundland, having passed two hundred miles north of the Western Isles. I can hardly comprehend, how the art and science of navigation can overcome the resistance of the elements so far, and how we had been able to reach this point in spite of all the west winds. One day we were really driven back, and the captain's observations and calculations showed that we were thirty-two miles farther east than at noon the preceding day. At such times one finds out that it is a wise regulation, when the authorities in Bremen command that every emigrant vessel must take in provisions for thirteen weeks; when you are thus drifting about on the middle of the ocean, only then you have an adequate conception of the awful distance to either continent.

If we had not been more fortunate after the 8th of June, than before, we might have been at last in great distress, especially from want of drinking-water which began to be scanty and corrupt. But from that day on we had beautiful weather and a strong east wind, and we were sailing at the rate of

eight, nine, and ten miles an hour. The velocity is found out in a simple way: the log line is thrown out every two hours; the small piece of board attached to it, remains stationary in the water, the line uncoils, and you compare the number of knots passing through your hand with the sand running down in a certain time in an hour-glass standing by. We were now fast approaching our place of destination, and the effect hereby produced upon the passengers was marvellous. Never have I seen a crowd of people, where there was so much joy expressed on the face of every individual.

During the next days we perceived the proximity of land, and, strange to say, first by the sense of smelling. As I afterwards learned, there were at that time large woods on fire in New Brunswick, and the smoke had spread out far over the ocean, a smoke resembling that which arises from the burning moorlands in Europe, but not of so disagreeable an odor as the latter. However, before I follow, in my narrative, the course of the vessel into the harbor, I will say a little more about the life on board.

Our Alexander Edmond, a ship of seven hundred and ten tons burden, was not a vessel built for the purpose of transporting emigrants. The cabin was, therefore, not as good and convenient, as in many other vessels, and the passengers in the

berths around it complained much of dampness, &c. The little cabin in which I slept, was behind the large one, did not touch the sides of the vessel, and was very dry and comfortable. The between-deck was ten feet high (on other vessels generally eight feet), and the number of passengers was not large in comparison with the size of the vessel — two hundred and fifty-four in the between-deck and steerage, fourteen in the cabin. This, combined with the constant cold weather and the captain's strictness in regard to ventilation and cleansing, ensured a very good state of health. They said there was very little nuisance below, and very little sickness besides seasickness. Once there was a report that a man had the small-pox, and this produced a great consternation, but fortunately it proved to be a false alarm.

A child, two and a half years old, the daughter of a sculptor from Prague, died on the 7th of May, about noon. They intended to follow the customs of the sea, and only to sew the corpse in canvas, but on my interposition the captain granted the wish of the distressed father; the carpenter made a little coffin of rough boards; the corpse was put into it, and some bags with gravel were added, so that it might sink. In the evening the coffin was lowered down into the water by two sailors, whilst one of

the two Catholic priests that were on board, read a prayer. The corpse slowly sunk towards its bed at the bottom of the unfathomable ocean, and when it had disappeared, the priest preached a funeral sermon. I think we would have gladly dispensed with it, however good it might have been; the feelings with which I — and certainly others too — was watching that little coffin, as it sunk through the transparent wave, needed no interpretation.

Notwithstanding this loss, we brought our full number to port, for three days before we landed, we were informed that an infant had been born on board. Thus an emigrant vessel is a world in itself; with all its occurrences it is like a whole village. What different sorts of people are collected there; how they are huddled together, even with the best accommodations, of all this it is impossible to convey any idea in a few words; it must be seen to be known. Among such a number and motley crowd, there must always be some whose society is either acceptable or at least amusing, or entertaining on account of a pleasant or disgusting peculiarity, and so there is no lack of variety. There were among my companions in the cabin a few very agreeable young men, and in the steerage there were several nice people. These were from the interior of Germany, and being ignorant of

things at sea, they had believed they would be well off, if they engaged for the steerage instead of the between-deck. Sadly were they disappointed, and for their and for our own sake we asked the captain to allow them to come on the quarter-deck, and thus we had quite a pleasant sociable circle.

I spent the most of my time in study, trying to learn English as fast as possible, and well it was that I did so, for I reaped the benefits of it, as soon as I tried to find some occupation in this country. During the first three weeks, when the sea was yet tolerably quiet, I had fixed upon the following "order of the day." I rose about 7 o'clock, and promenaded on the deck until 8 o'clock, which was the hour for breakfast. After breakfast the gentlemen met on deck and smoked and talked a while. After this I practised writing English; thereupon a circle of companions gathered around me and I gave them an English lesson — as good a one as I then could give, with the occasional assistance of the captain. The remainder of the time before the hour of dinner, (1 o'clock,) I spent in studying Walker's Dictionary. During the afternoon I was occupied in reading and writing, and at 6 o'clock we were called to tea. As soon as the stormy weather set in, we had to give up our lessons almost entirely, and there was no possibility of writ-

ing. Then I read the more, and commenced learning English poetry by heart — a practice which is worthy of being recommended to every student, in any language. The evening was invariably devoted to social intercourse, either with the captain or with one of the mates, or with other passengers. We conversed, played, sang and laughed enough, except on Sundays. Some of the passengers had been lying on deck on a Sunday, playing cards, and we in the cabin had been singing and playing on the guitar. The crew and their officers, mostly Englishmen, firmly believed that heaven sent all that bad weather down upon us to punish such wickedness, and I do not know whether any of us believed them, or whether we wished to condescend to act according to their notions; the truth is, we left off singing and playing on Sundays.

Since I knew so little English, and had acquired so bad a pronunciation, it was very fortunate, after all, that I did come over in this vessel, and not in a steamer, or in any other sailing vessel. Nowhere, and especially not here on the main land, should I have learned so much English in the same time, as I did learn there. I was the only one with whom the captain could converse, for there were only three or four passengers besides me who had any knowledge of the English language at all, and

these were not able to carry on a conversation in English. Thus I became the captain's social companion; he was very jovial and talkative, and conversed with me for hours, always correcting me when I made mistakes.

In other respects, however, my knowledge of the English language was an acquirement not at all desirable on board of such a vessel. There was no interpreter, and really it is a shame to put several hundreds of people thus into the hands of a captain and of a crew, whose language they do not understand! I found out very soon how disagreeable it was to act as interpreter. There was an everlasting complaining about this and that, sometimes well founded, sometimes not. I could induce the captain to grant a great many things, but he did it always reluctantly, and whenever he did not comply, then there was dissatisfaction on the other side. There was a little Jew in the between-deck, who was in the beginning very forward and much gratified at acting as interpreter, but very soon the Englishmen did not want to have anything to do with him, and some of his dear countrymen, in whose behalf he had wished to act, threatened him with a sound thrashing; so he was afterwards not so much seen and heard of.

The captain was not willing personally to have

anything to do with the between-deck, and according to his papers he was partly in the right. The agents (or brokers) pay the owners a certain sum for every passenger, (in this case about £3,) but the agents buy all the provisions, which are inspected in Bremen-haven, and are bound to be good and sufficient, but yet are always as cheap as possible; the agents keep the remainder of the passage-money for themselves and their employees. The passengers, thus considered as merchandise, must then get along the best way they can; they must help in cooking, &c. There are many unwarrantable proceedings resorted to, and when these are found out, then there is secret or openly manifested dissatisfaction. We had not been many days on board, when one morning a crowd came abaft, a large fierce looking man as spokesman at their head. He said, they would no longer submit to such treatment. He handed to me a printed circular from an agent somewhere in Bavaria, I believe, in which they were promised, every male person over sixteen years of age should have his "Schnapps" every morning during the whole passage. I translated it to the captain; he said there was no gin sent on board, and he did not know anything about such promises. So the hopes of the male passengers over sixteen years of age

were blasted. At another time the captain ordered his whole crew on deck, and threatened to put in irons the first person that should dare to cause any disturbance.

The passengers in the cabin were not altogether the agent's merchandise; the captain had to provide their table himself. Our fare was abundant, though not always of the best quality, nor prepared in the best way either. Moreover, because Germans on the whole are not likely to fancy much the English way of "fixing" the victuals, and because the seasickness caused the stomach to revolt against things prepared in any way whatever, therefore there was a great deal of complaint. Everything was said in German, but because every one speaks not only with words, but also with gestures and features, the captain comprehended very well what they thought and said. One day he complained bitterly to me, that nobody had touched the plum-pudding which had cost so much money. Every one, however, knew from experience what it would have cost him if he had eaten it.

The fare below deck was very poor, and some of my companions "abstracted" biscuit from the table and brought it to their friends in the steerage. Though I did not think that was quite right, yet I did what I could, in some other way. For instance,

there were two very amiable young ladies who had taken passage in the steerage, very little suspecting what fate awaited them, and not knowing that the steerage passengers had to breathe the same air and to eat the same food that the people in the between-deck had to be satisfied with. Those brown biscuits, harder than a stone, that sour-crout soup, with hardly any sour-crout in it, that bean soup, almost without any beans in it, — really it was no food for people that had seen better days. These ladies had lived sparingly on some dried fruit, &c., with which they had provided themselves, but soon their store was exhausted. Because they were very genteel, they had permission to come into the cabin at any time, or to stay in the cabin of any of the officers who were on deck on duty, and the steward was ordered by the captain to provide them with the necessary food. The boy, however, misguided by some envious persons, had heeded this order very little. Many days had the two modest young ladies patiently submitted to want and hunger, until at last one of them became sick. Her sister then told me what was the cause, and I informed the captain of it, and measures were then taken that they had all they wanted during the remainder of the time. This and other incidents proved that the great family on board was

neither happy nor quite united, and that many of the members had to learn and to unlearn a great deal, before they could be good citizens of that great republic, towards which they were tending.

In regard to a passage across the Atlantic, in general, I must say, that it is useless to keep a daily record of it, as some of my friends did; one day is too much like the other. Those who say that there is an immense deal of interesting things to be observed during the passage, must either tell stories, or must be gifted with a powerful poetical imagination. It is true, the aspect of the ocean during a storm is sublime; during a calm the ocean is equal to a vast, barren desert; the sunset is sometimes very beautiful, and it is pleasant to watch at night the phosphoric, glowing track of the vessel. It is interesting to see hundreds, sometimes even thousands of porpoises, of six to twenty feet in length, as they lazily roll and tumble around the vessel, or hastily travel at a distance, who knows, whence, whither, or why just straight in that direction. It is entertaining to meet another vessel, to hear the captains converse through their speaking-trumpets, sometimes even to come so near, as we once did, that you almost think you can shake hands with those passengers over there, who are just as likely as you, one of these days, to

be swallowed up by the deep main. It whiles away some hours, through the spy-glass to watch the vessels that come and go in the distance, to feed "Mother Carey's Chickens," to watch the beautiful little "Portuguese Men-of-war," as they sail around you, or to throw a hook with a large piece of bacon overboard in the expectation to catch a shark. But in spite of all this, such a voyage is tedious and monotonous, if one has not been thrown together with very sociable and interesting persons, or does not know how to employ his time in study. Thus you find that captains are often great readers, and I believe Captain Marryatt is not the only literary character among mariners.

After having thus described our "life on the ocean wave," I have only to add an account of the end of our journey. It was on the evening of the 12th of June that the captain assured us, we should see land on coming on deck the next morning. This information was received with a great deal of satisfaction, and many of us were the next morningh on deck, when the day was hardly dawning. And really, there was the land! We were sailing at some distance along the coast of Long Island. O! what a beautiful sight it was to our eyes which had seen so many a day nothing but water and sky! How eagerly did we scrutinize every point through the spy-glass!

At 8 o'clock the pilot came on board. He brought some newspapers, and a large circle was forming in a moment to hear what news they brought. The first question from the lips of every body was, "What news from Germany?" But the answer produced no reflection of joy upon any of the faces all around; sorrow about the poor, disunited, unhappy fatherland was legible in all their features. The papers brought at the same time the news, that the cholera had made its appearance in New York, but such a thing could not put a damper on the joy we felt at having nearly arrived; every sorrow was drowned in the enjoyment of the next few hours. We sailed with a most favorable wind into the Narrows, and soon afterwards into the Bay of New York: we saw once more green trees and beautiful houses; we saw horses and cattle on the meadows, and birds flying over our heads, saw so many, many other things which had not cheered our eye for so long a time.

It is almost impossible to describe the childlike gladness which all this produced, and the various ways in which this feeling expressed itself. And then, the entrance into the Bay is really beautiful with its two forts, with the sloping hills on both sides, with the tufts of green trees, and with charm-

ing country-seats near and far. The time will come, when art has assisted nature here as much as it has done in those beautiful spots which a person sees on his travels in Europe, and then the lower part of the Bay of New York will be beautiful beyond conception. We had plenty of time to observe everything, because we cast anchor near Staten Island, as soon as we had entered the Bay. It was then about 3 o'clock, P. M.

It was not long before the most of the passengers appeared on deck in their best attire, thus gratifying the wish of the captain, who wanted to show off well before the physician who was to come on board. This gentleman made his appearance very soon; he let all the between-deck passengers file off before him in review, then he came to us on the poop, threw a single glance at us, and the regulations concerning this affair were complied with. We were allowed to land as soon as possible, because we had had only one case of death and very little sickness. We were, however, prevented from doing so on account of other things. Our vessel was not to go to New York. Its destination was not to take a cargo there, but to proceed to Canada and take in timber. Probably in order to gain time, or to save the tonnage, we were therefore left on the quarantine ground, and the

captain went alone to New York to order a steamboat, &c. The landing was made much more disagreeable by this circumstance.

Whilst we were lying there, an agent of the German Society came on board and distributed handbills containing advice, warnings, the value of different European gold coins, &c. Then some boats came alongside with fruit, fresh wheat bread, &c., and these articles were disposed of very rapidly and, of course, at high prices. Thereupon the runners made their appearance. We on the quarter-deck were not importuned by them, for they thought there were other people on board whom it would be easier to persuade, viz. the peasants from the interior of Germany. These good-natured people formed circles of attentive listeners around the clever orators; and though they had been cautioned the moment before, by their real friend of the German Society, yet many of them followed the seducing invitation of the runners, and perhaps more than one may have had cause soon to regret such a step.

On the following morning everybody arranged his affairs, and towards noon the captain came down with a steamboat. And now a scene commenced which surpasses anything I have ever seen of that kind. All the chests and boxes were

brought on deck; a custom-house officer made the owners unlock them, and he examined them, though fortunately not minutely; there was confusion enough, with undoing and re-packing on all sides. Then the sailors laid hands on the baggage and handled it very roughly. The steamboat was much lower than our vessel, and they let the things tumble down topsy-turvy, so that some chests were even broken to pieces, and their contents were scattered about. We remonstrated with the captain, and then they behaved a little better.

When everything had been handed down, the passengers climbed down too. There was very little time for bidding the officers of the vessel good-bye, very little time to think at all; and so it was not for a long time that one could give way to those feelings which crowded upon his heart at the moment, when he left a set of planks that had borne him for eight weeks midst pleasant and midst dreary scenes.

It was about 5 o'clock, when we landed with our little steamboat which was crowded to excess. At the wharf a host of harpies were awaiting us, and watched our approach with eager looks. Everybody was determined to board us first, and such a scrambling and scuffling and hallooing and shouting, as there ensued before us on that narrow

pier at which we landed, — oh, it is indescribable. I feel as though my eyes were swimming, my ears buzzing, and my head turning at the present moment, as I think of it again. One passenger fell overboard, and might have been drowned, had not two others jumped down after him and rescued him.

I had clubbed together with several of my friends; we determined not at all to be in a hurry, and we got along very well. We worked upon the plan of division of labor. Two were sent off into the city to get advice from an acquaintance there, about the hotel to which it would be advisable to repair; we had beforehand determined to go into an American house, where they do not make it a business to squeeze as much as possible out of the purse of the poor helpless immigrant. I was delegated to procure good and cheap conveyance; they thought that one who could speak English, was not likely to be imposed upon, which to prevent, I found, however, to be pretty hard work. The others were left on board to protect our baggage, with their eyes, mouths, hands and feet, against all the attacks of officious and greedy carters, who were pouncing down upon them at every moment. At last, when everybody else had left, we followed quietly and deliberately, and

reached our hotel about dusk. And fully did we thereupon enjoy the luxury of sleeping for the first time again in a comfortable bed; having "terra firma" below us, and being no more rocked to sleep by the rolling waves of the ocean.

A

VISIT AT THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER.

In conclusion, allow me to add a short description of a scene, in which some individuals besides your friend, appear before you on the stage.

During a short journey which I undertook last month, I spent a day or two at the Metropolis of this great Confederacy, and there I had the pleasure of seeing the President in his own house. But before I go on, I beg you, lay aside your prejudices and your ideas about European sovereigns, and do not think, either that I was very forward in doing so, or that I was especially favored or distinguished by being allowed to do so, or that I was admitted on urgent business, perhaps with a petition or something of that kind. When I tell you the circum-

stances, you will find that it was a very simple affair, and quite a common occurrence, though to me a very novel and interesting one.

The President of the United States is not so inaccessible as a European sovereign, who does not think that he holds his office by the will of a nation, but that he is seated on his throne by God's mercy, and on the strength of his own right of inheritance. On the contrary, you have a great many opportunities to meet the President, and to speak to him in public as well as in private. During the winter, for instance, or about as long as Congress is in session, he has appointed one evening of the week for a reception evening. According to this arrangement, the doors of his residence and his saloons are open for admittance on Thursday nights, from 9 to 11 o'clock, and then he receives guests without any limitation whatever.

It was my good luck to be in Washington on such an evening, and by chance to hear about this "levee," as many like to call it. Towards half past 8 o'clock, I walked down the Pennsylvania Avenue, a beautiful wide street which leads from the Capitol to the President's House. On the way I was thinking what a figure I should cut there in the dress I had on. Happily I found that I had a pair of white kid gloves in my pocket; but what should

I do in regard to my frock coat? Especially in the Southern States a great many persons wear, even in common life, a black dress-coat, in fact a whole suit of black clothes. A German who is not much accustomed to see such a costume in every-day life, is therefore almost inclined, on his arrival in this country, to imagine that he meets a minister at every twenty yards. "Now," thought I, "what will be my chances on this present grand occasion? will they refuse to admit me, and shall I be obliged to do, as they are forced to do in London, in order to be admitted into the theatre where the Queen is present, viz. to buy or to hire a gala-dress? Any how, I will try! I am a stranger, and so I may plead ignorance as a palliation."

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and since a great many other persons came, like me, too early, it was no great task to wait some time before the closed door; I had thus leisure to observe all the people as they were arriving, some in splendid carriages, some in plain hacks, others as humble pedestrians. The President's or the White House is of moderate dimensions, and an almost plain looking building; and when a person looks at it from the side where the carriages drive up, and where its appearance is spoiled by a small portico with unproportionably high columns, and when he is not

aware that this is not the main front, then he thinks the Americans might give their first magistrate a little better lodgings. Still I do not know but that the house is good enough in proportion to other things. When you consider that the President receives $25,000 a year, and that your grand duke, who does not rule over as many people as the city of Philadelphia alone contains, receives $200,000 a year from the State treasury, then you see that a magnificent palace, built to suit European notions of grandeur, would be rather out of place here. And after all, when you happen to see the right front of the President's house first, when you walk through the beautiful gardens which surround it, and when you observe how symmetrically the other buildings for the department of state, of war, &c. are erected on the outskirts of these grounds, then you come to the conclusion that the whole makes a tolerably good impression on you.

Precisely at 9 o'clock the doors were opened, and the crowd entered the hall. At the door of the second room the President was standing, ready to receive his guests. Zachary Taylor is a man of middle size; his head is gray, his features firm, but indicating a high degree of kindness. He who has shown the Mexicans that he is a soldier from head to foot; he whose heart has beaten so many a year

under a military uniform, he is standing there in a plain black dress-coat; his breast is not adorned by the star or the badge of any order, — whereas the crowned heads in Europe and even Louis Napoleon, — however, away with such comparisons! They are too sad to dwell upon.

I was among the first that entered, and as the crowd was pouring in behind us, there was no time for anybody to be introduced by name, &c. A firm grasp of the extended hand, a "How do you do," or "I am very glad to see you," or some other kind words, was the only thing that was to be done or said in the beginning. Who knows what I would have done, if it had been otherwise? My heart was so full at that moment, where I for the first time witnessed such a beautiful scene, exemplifying the value of a republican government, that I should have liked to vent my feelings and speak to the President. But perhaps it was better for me that I had no chance to do so, for he might have considered it superfluous, and I am sure I should not have succeeded in making a well-set speech.

I passed on with the current, traversed several rooms and entered into a large saloon, which was the gathering place of the guests. It is called the East room; it is, like all the other apartments, becomingly and tastefully furnished, but without any

tendency to extravagant luxury; and, as I am told, the whole never looks antiquated or superannuated, because the furniture is renewed every four years at the inauguration of the elected President.

Directly on entering I had seated myself in one of the large chairs at one end of the room, and there I could at leisure observe all the persons as they entered in succession. There were some of the senators whom I had seen and heard during their session in the morning; there were members of the House of Representatives, some with their wives and daughters who were spending several months in the capital; there were some inhabitants of Washington itself, and a great many strangers from all parts of the Union and from foreign countries. People were there in all sorts of dresses, but no man in "uniform" was to be seen!! The citizens of a free country, and their executive and legislative representatives, do not think it necessary to make themselves slaves of a court etiquette; and thus I found that I need not have had any apprehensions on that score. The artisan in his plain coat moved free and easy and not the least constrained, near the fine, experienced, far-famed diplomatist; the plainest woman, from the uttermost boundaries of civilization in the West, near the ostentatious ruling spirit of some fashionable circle; the withered,

broken flower alongside of that surpassing beauty, which one has so often occasion to admire in the features of American ladies.

After I had been for some time a quiet observer, two ladies came walking towards where I was sitting. One of them seated herself in the only empty chair alongside of me, and the other was certainly expecting that I would offer her my seat. You know perhaps that the Americans are very polite towards the fair sex; they do all they can think of, in order to show the regard they have for ladies. You may observe this in the most trivial as well as in the most important affairs; I have, for instance, noticed that the ladies approach the communion-table before the gentlemen. On the whole, I like this very well, for I think this deference shown to the most beautiful work that an Almighty hand has created, is one of the most valuable traits in a man's character. Well, I knew already enough about American life to comprehend my situation at once, and I was not slow in offering my seat to the lady. It was accepted, and I then remained standing near the place I had vacated.

I learned then from the conversation which was going on near me, that my neighbor was from Tennessee, and my own eyes had already acquainted me with the undeniable fact that she was a very

beautiful young lady. Now I knew that the ladies, and especially those from the South, generally do not expect to be spoken to by a gentleman who has not been formally introduced to them, but yet I could not help commencing a conversation; I got tired of being there a silent looker-on. I knew I was not going to say or to do anything offensive, and secretly perhaps I thought that I, as an utter stranger, might have felt at liberty not to be so polite as I had been, and might therefore be allowed to reward myself by not standing on punctilios. I saw that my fair neighbor was at first a little surprised when I spoke to her, but we were, nevertheless, very soon engaged in pleasant conversation, and thus the time passed away very agreeably.

On the whole, the pleasure which any one can find there, consists only in these three things, — to see, to be seen, and to converse. No refreshments are offered now, though it has been done in years past. The crowd is too great, and there are, on account of the perfect freedom of access, too often forward and barefaced individuals intruding. They say that silver spoons and other things very often used to find their way into wrong places. So they have abolished the former system of liberal hospitality. And I think they are quite right. Why

should eating and drinking always be considered as a constituent part of every amusement?

Thus there was not much to be done on the part of the host. The President constantly remained in the reception-room, cordially shaking hands with every one that came in, and having a kind word to say to each. In the next room I saw the President's daughter, a beautiful and very amiable lady, accompanied by her husband, Col. Bliss. Persons were introduced to them successively, and conversed with them a shorter or a longer time. The President's wife was not present; they say she does not like this trouble, and never appears on such occasions.

Now at last, after I had been for some time looking and walking about among the multitude who were promenading in the saloon and in the corridor, and had conversed occasionally with various individuals, I left the house without waiting for the end of the "re-union." I hastened to reach my hotel in order to enjoy a sweet repose after the fatigue of a long and well spent day, and to strengthen myself in anticipation of another day which was to bring many new and interesting scenes. I hardly like to mention, and much less will I attempt to describe, the feelings which the things I had heard and seen, raised in my bosom. You may know they were, in part, pleasant and elevating, when I

regarded the near, surrounding reality; and most melancholy, when I thought of the poor fatherland, of what it promised to be in '48, and what it has become, and what it will be, who knows for how long a time!

THIRD LEAF.

A LECTURE,

DELIVERED IN BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 27, 1854.

OBSERVATIONS

ABOUT TEACHING AND STUDYING THE GERMAN AND OTHER LANGUAGES.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I thank you for giving me, by your presence, an opportunity of addressing you; and my thanks are the more sincere, because I have been longing for this opportunity with an uncommon degree of solicitude. I need not conceal my motives, for even without my avowing them, you would know what feelings and desires were actuating me, when I resolved to appear before you under the present circumstances. You certainly will not believe, for a moment, that I am standing here before you with the conviction that I am about to reveal important truths, on the knowledge of which the welfare of mankind might depend; nor will you believe that I, without thinking of myself, have wished to address you, only for the purpose of affording you some pleasure, or an occasion to make some useful reflections.

There has appeared upon the earth only one person who never thought of promoting his own worldly interests; whose life was dedicated to the eternal welfare of humanity, and whose death was the seal upon his divine life,— and he is therefore called the Son of God. There has been only one man upon earth, who was to his country the first in war and the first in peace, — and that in the singleness of his heart, — and he deserved therefore to be called the Father of his country: the world has produced but one Washington! There have been living but a few, who, like Lycurgus, bestowed a blessing upon their fellow-citizens, and who, like him, would have been able to go into self-chosen exile, and even have their ashes scattered on the waters, in order to preserve the people from losing the benefits formerly bestowed upon them. There are but few that could dare to exclaim like the departed great statesman: "I would rather be right, than be President;" and who could hope that a whole nation would believe these words to be spoken in unsuspected sincerity and simplicity of heart.

No, the generality of men do not soar so high, and cannot soar so high. It is true, we must not give up all claims to disinterestedness in our actions, for to souls that are capable of tender

emotions, this life would be a dreary wilderness, if charity were banished from it. But though we may perform single actions without thinking of our own interests, yet in general we do not and we cannot shape the course of our whole life, we cannot choose our vocation, without being prompted by a care for ourselves. We all have a natural and lawful desire to find the best way of promoting our own interests, the lowest of which is expressed by the common term, "trying to make a living."

However, we need not lament over such a state of things, for even thus there is left room enough for moral worth and mental elevation. This we see plainly, when we take two things into consideration. First, we can choose our vocation upon principles of humanity and morality, that is, we can examine not merely which occupation, which branch of business would most likely be a source of the greatest gain in property, honor and other worldly rewards, but we can try to find out, for which occupation nature seems to have fitted us out most benevolently, and which would be most likely to benefit others at the same time that it procures us a living. And if we are not independent and wise enough, rightly to choose our calling in our youth, then we can do so and alter

our occupation in the years of maturity, at least in a country like this, where man, as much as possible, is allowed to enjoy his natural rights; where he is not by political and social tyranny forced to plod all his life in the way on which he has once started.

The second consideration I alluded to is, as our favorite German poet expresses it, this one: "Life is not the greatest good, but the greatest evil is — guilt." Therefore, our worth is not entirely founded upon the way of making a living which we choose. It depends more upon the manner in which we carry out our plans, upon the carefulness with which we avoid using base and sinful means of reaching our aim, and upon the faithfulness and assiduity and singleness of heart with which we discharge the duties imposed upon us by our calling.

These two considerations are applicable to my own case at present. The latter I cannot investigate now, because it is not a matter to be talked of, but one to be acted out.

In regard to the first point, I wish to make a few remarks now, and thus to consider with you, whether a person, by choosing to teach the German language, enters upon an occupation which is beneficial to others besides himself, including, as a matter of course, whether the study of the Ger-

man language may be justly recommended to Americans.

To commence teaching anything at all, is not always so very meritorious in itself, especially in this country. I had not been more than three weeks in America, when I again took up my former occupation and engaged as a teacher. I was then totally ignorant of the way in which things relating to instruction were conducted in this country, and I was, therefore, very much surprised by the previous questions, whether I ever had taught, and whether I intended to make teaching my business. Both, I thought, were very queer questions, because I could not comprehend that a man should honestly undertake to teach, if he had not been educated *for* and trained *as* a teacher, and if he did not consider teaching to be his profession. Very soon, however, I found out that, at least in the Southern States, people open a boarding-school, or teach in a public or private school, when they have failed in everything else. Many persons use teaching as the last anchor, which they trust shall preserve their bark from being dashed to pieces or from foundering in the ocean of life. A great number of young men take a situation as tutor, and as private teacher, avowedly only for the purpose of making a living

for a *few* years. Without doubt, many make their situation as much as possible a sinecure, so that they may have time to prepare themselves for a profession, the thing which alone induces them to seek such a position.

And every one will grant that it is very natural, that young ladies generally should not commence teaching with the expectation of continuing it for a long time. We must expect they rather wish, every one of them, that they soon may be able to give a practical demonstration to the conjugation which they teach: "*Je t'aime, tu m'aimes, nous nous aimons.*" It is very natural that they expect not long to be obliged to teach "one and one is two," but to show that "one and one is one," as people say that two persons united in matrimony are one, and as Swedenborg says, that a married couple melt in heaven into one angel.

Teaching, however, is even under such circumstances a very honorable occupation, though not near as much, as when a man makes it voluntarily the task of his whole life. This observation is more applicable to Europe than to this country. There a teacher can, much less than here, expect to receive in this world the reward due to his constant and faithful toiling. In many States there, the lot of a public primary teacher is a very

poor one, so much so that I think it was not hitting so very far beyond the mark, when a person once after a conversation about the doctrine of the Brahmins, the migration of the soul, remarked: "Well, I like that idea very well indeed, and I should wish it to be a reality, provided I could make these two conditions, that my soul never should enter into a stage-horse or into a schoolmaster."

Under all circumstances, teaching is really in many respects somewhat of a hard task, and I must confess, there has been hardly a more affecting sight to me, than to see an old teacher, when he, as they do in Germany, celebrates the day, on which he looks back upon a space of fifty years, during which he has been engaged in teaching. When you look on him, as he sits there, on his day of jubilee, surrounded by more than one generation of friends and pupils; when you consider, how many a storm has passed over those gray hairs; how many a grief may have oppressed that heart, so old and yet so warm; how many a man may have been trained by him, not only to be smart in his own affairs, but trained to usefulness and brought into the way of truth and virtue; then, and never so lively as then, you feel what it is to be a teacher, and nothing but a teacher.

However, it is not necessary to magnify this office. People are awake to their own interest, and especially here in New England, (more than in most other countries,) people know what an education is worth, and accordingly they value those persons, from whom they receive their instruction. As long as those words of the English statesman, "The schoolmaster is abroad,"—as long as these words and their import are assented to, so long teachers need not be afraid of not being looked upon as one of the most useful and respectable classes of society.

If we now limit our investigation to the teaching of languages alone, we meet a remarkable fact. All other things that are comprehended in a proper course of instruction, *have* to be taught, because they are founded upon nature. History must, of course, exist as a science, because the world could not be without a history; the earth cannot exist without topographical and other divisions and properties, and therefore, there must be a science of geography; we must have the science of astronomy, because there is and there must be a system in the world; we must have the art of music, if the world of sounds shall be known and enjoyed; and thus I could go on enumerating the other branches of instruction.

But now, if we look upon "languages," we come to a result quite different. Language is the means of communicating our thoughts and feelings to one another, and it seems we might reach this end just as well, or more easily than now, if all human beings were speaking English or some other language, and could speak none but that one. We are inclined to think, how delightful it would be, if we could travel over the whole earth and not meet a single person that did not understand our language. We imagine, how glad many a boy would be, if such things as Latin and Greek never had been heard of; as Mrs. Sigourney says:

> "Perchance these idioms and their sequences
> May wear the shadow of the lifted rod,
> And every rule of syntax leave its tears
> For Memory's tablet."

We can appreciate, how many an immigrant, when he lands on the shores of this country, feels desolate and forlorn, when he hears people talking all about him, and does not know at all what they are saying. Indeed there is no impropriety in asking the question: "Why are there so many languages on the earth? why is not a single one sufficient?" We cannot comprehend that the latter should be impossible, nay, we cannot even think that it would

seem unnatural to have only one language. Quite on the contrary, we find the present state of affairs so little natural, that we have not the remotest idea of the reason, why it is so, and of the manner, how it originated. We cannot describe from experience, how any language originates, because, whenever and wherever a nation has appeared in history, there it brings with it its language already formed; we can trace the development and progress of many a language, but the origin of none. The Bible explains the way in which the different languages originated, by the relation of the building and destruction of Babel. And whether we may be satisfied with the explanation or not, nobody has yet and probably nobody ever will find a more sensible explanation, or any explanation at all.

Now, we cannot hope that we ever shall see people agree, during our lifetime, about making one language the universal means of communication. Under such circumstances all that we can do, is, patiently to put up with the fact, and to believe that it is for some good purpose, as it is. We who have not penetrated and cannot penetrate into the plans of the Supreme Being, we only are not aware of this purpose. And we teachers of languages have then the consolation of considering ourselves not as a necessary evil, or as scarecrows for naughty

boys, but we may think that we serve some good cause. Necessary we are, as it is now, for there must be persons that can speak and write, and therefore such that can teach foreign languages; otherwise the nations of the earth could not live and make progress as they do and as they must do. But I believe the fact that so many different languages exist, and the necessity and the inducements to study several languages, are, in the system of the world and under the direction of Providence, an important, though to some extent secretly working means, of carrying the human race to that degree of perfection which it is capable of, and which it is destined to obtain.

The good effects of studying different languages we see in many individual cases. We will not go so far as to assert that nobody can be a well educated person, or rise high in the community, without studying foreign languages. If I am not mistaken, General Washington never had a knowledge of any other language but his own; and there is none among us who would not be willing to throw away all his knowledge of different languages, if he could thus buy the hopes of being a great and good man like Washington. Yet, among the generality of men we see that the study of languages gives a power of penetration, a comprehensiveness

of views, an elegant and lucid, or at least a cogent way of expressing one's self, and a certain refinement of taste, which are not so often found among persons who have no knowledge of any language but their own. I do not know whether it is desirable, and whether it will come to pass that every one who goes to any school at all, should learn at least one language besides his own; but so much is certain that, as long as the world is as it is now, the study of some foreign language will be considered as a necessary part of a course of instruction which aims at more than a primary education.

The only difficulty is, to decide which languages are preferable to others; first, whether one should study ancient or modern languages. I can hardly mention this as being a controverted point, here at present in this country. Practice shows that the ancient languages are here esteemed as the first in rank, not only among the languages, but even among all the branches of education. At the South, for instance, many a planter's son is sent to college, and there he studies Latin and Greek, and almost nothing but Latin and Greek. The book of Nature which, after he returns home, will be open before him all his life, he has not learned to read, and many other books he has not learned to read either. His Homer and his Virgil he soon loses

sight of, and what is remaining? He is a gentleman, and that he might perhaps have been, even if he had not studied Latin and Greek.

In Europe it has been already for years a controverted point, whether ancient languages are necessary in order to give a man a thorough education, or whether mathematics, natural sciences (or physics) and modern languages, are sufficient to accomplish this end. The latter opinion seems to gain there more ground from year to year, and perhaps it will find its advocates on this continent too. It is true, we are so much accustomed to believe and to find that a man has learned Latin, when he proves to be a well educated person, that we connect these two facts as cause and effect, as inseparable. We dislike, therefore, the idea of discarding Latin from a plan of studies intended to be complete. And certainly there is so much advantage to be derived from the study of either Latin or Greek, that we must wish every boy in a school of the higher order might learn at least one of the two.

However, if a boy could learn only one language besides his own, I think it would be quite as judicious for him to learn a modern one. The principal reason, why we study any other language besides our own is, or ought to be, the simple reason that it is *not* our own, and this advantage all of

them share alike. Besides, the modern languages have, practically and theoretically, so many qualities to recommend them, that these seem quite as important as those by which Latin and Greek are superior to the former. I mean the systematically arranged forms (declensions, conjugations, &c.) of the latter, and their unsurpassed specimens of a classical style in oratory and writing.

However, though there be reasons for doubting whether a boy ought to study an ancient or a modern language, yet in regard to the other sex it is my opinion that the ancient languages ought to be discarded altogether. It is true the study of Latin is or, at least can be useful for ladies too, especially for those who speak nothing but English, but there are many other things that are more useful. I do not agree with those who think one lady to be better educated and more accomplished than another, merely because she has studied Latin. No, let a lady study a modern language; let her enjoy the fragrant blossoms and the delicious fruit of a living, cheerfully growing tree; but let her not soil her fingers by handling the withered foliage of a tree that died more than a thousand years ago. In Germany it is a thing scarcely heard of that a lady studies Latin, and yet in that country, I believe,

there are comparatively just as many good wives and mothers, as in any other country in the world.

When we speak of modern languages, we generally mean not to include more than the five principal ones that are spoken on this and on the other continent, viz., the English, Spanish, French, German and Italian, and it remains to be considered which of the four latter ones Americans ought to study in preference to the other three. We might perhaps form our opinion about this very soon, if we were to follow the Emperor Charles V., who said that the Spanish language ought to be used in addressing God, the Italian with our lady friend, the French with our male friend, the German with the soldiers, the English with the geese, the Hungarian with the horses, and the Bohemian with the devil. But we had better try to form our own opinion, and to investigate the matter under different and various aspects.

If we take only the sound into consideration, then we must say that the Italian language stands first in rank, especially, as every one knows, in singing. Next to it stands the Spanish, which would be almost as mellifluous as the Italian, if it had not, like the German, the guttural sound of *jota*, and like the English the sound of *th*. The third in order seems to be the French, and the

fourth the German. The latter contains too often the vowels, *u*, *ü*, and *i*, which are not easy and pleasant to sing, and it shows too often a harsh combination of two or more consonants. Schiller himself, whose poetry is without doubt as smoothly flowing as that of any other German poet, complains of the language he has to use, as of a harsh sounding one. However, it is superior to the English, when used in singing.

I judge so from my own experience. I disliked in the beginning very much to sing English songs, yet I thought this was from prejudice or at least from want of practice. But since I have earnestly endeavored to be free from the former, and since I cannot now complain of the latter, and as I yet have not been able to change my opinion about the two idioms; therefore I think I must continue to agree with many others who have the same opinion. Nevertheless, we will not go so far as to agree with Charles V. about the English language. Those of you that remember Mr. Otis, one of your great orators, surely are convinced that this language sounds well, when it is spoken well; and we gentlemen are certainly all convinced that English, spoken by a beautiful and accomplished lady, is very far from sounding disagreeable, that it is good enough to converse in with our lady friend. How-

ever, in singing, as we asserted, the German language is much preferable to the English, and because the former contains undoubtedly the finest songs set to music, (exclusive of opera music,) therefore it is even in regard to sound worth while for Americans to learn German.

If we acknowledge here the inferiority of the German to the three other languages mentioned, we can do so without regret, because this is the only point in which it is inferior to them. In regard to practical usefulness only the French can compete with it, because there are but few Italians and Spaniards in this country, with whom one might enter into social or business connections, and because Americans do not travel in great numbers in Italy, Spain, South America, and the West Indies. People say, one who can speak French, can travel all over Europe, being sure everywhere to meet persons that understand him, and this is not so with the German. This is true, but it is also true, that one can travel all over Europe without knowing either French or German. The English have, with their gold, paved the way for Americans, and surely, in every place that is much resorted to and is worthy of being much resorted to, there one will meet people that understand English.

Therefore it is only to be decided which of the two can afford you more pleasure, when you really mix with the people. Paris and Rome, I think, are the places that are on the continent most worth visiting, but there one can get along with speaking English. Next to visiting them, I believe it to be the most desirable to travel in Germany, for that country abounds in beautiful natural scenery, in ancient ruins, in fine specimens of architecture, and in treasures in every science and art. The Germans, in the cities as well as in the country, are a people of much originality of character, and therefore are well worth being seen and observed in their own home. All such things, now, cannot be fully enjoyed by one who does not understand the language of the country he is travelling in, and I am sure, that one would enjoy more applying his knowledge of German on such an occasion, than applying his knowledge of French on a journey through France.

After all, though the number of Americans that travel in Europe, is increasing, yet their number is small in comparison with those that stay at home. The persons, therefore, that learn to speak a foreign language, are for the most part more likely to make use of it at home than to apply it abroad. Now, Louisiana is the only part of this country,

where one may have as much or more occasion to speak French than to speak German. In all the other parts, the French population is so small in comparison with the German, that we need not draw a parallel between the two at all.

After this, Americans may object: "Though we have very seldom occasion to speak to Frenchmen, and very often to speak to Germans, yet it is not necessary that we speak the German language, for the better educated Germans very soon learn to speak the English language well enough to converse with us in our own idiom, and with the lower classes of them we do not wish to have anything to do. The mean business of gaining by enticing and fleecing the poor helpless immigrant, we leave to runners and such kind of people." There is much truth in this objection, though on the other hand there are a great many instances, where it proves to be pleasant and useful, and at the same time honorable, to mix with the Germans and to converse with them in their native tongue.

Moreover, one great end, I believe, would be accomplished, if Americans would learn more generally to make use of the German language, or at least to appreciate it. This would be the means of inducing the two nations to befriend one another more and more, and of amalgamating the people

of different nationalities in this country. And why should the German always be a stranger on this kindly soil? Why should the American insist upon extending hospitality to the stranger only, and not wish to make him a *worthy member* of his own household? A fusion of the two nationalities I think, would be much better. The American has some fine traits in his character which the German has not, and on the other hand there is something desirable in the national character of the Germans, which is not so common among the English and the Americans. Now if here the good qualities of both were combined, what a compound would that give? Certainly would North America then, (if it is not already now,) be inhabited by the noblest race of men that God's sun has shone upon since the creation of the world.

Let us now turn to another point, in regard to which we must compare the German with the other modern languages, viz., their Grammar. It is sure that a person, if he can help it, should never learn a foreign language merely for practical purposes, for immediate use. In the study of languages itself there is hidden such a golden treasure of gain for mental cultivation, that it would be a pity not to dig for it. Therefore, all the grammars copying Ollendorff's system, as good as they may

be for practical purposes, are useless in regard to what I just now mentioned; and in the hands of an unskilful or careless teacher they are, in regard to mental cultivation, worse than useless, they are a nuisance. If we would study a foreign language to any advantage for our mind, then we must constantly compare it with our own idiom, and reduce it to universal grammar or logic. By the former we elucidate all matters of our own language, which we otherwise are very apt only to know by rote and not at all rationally. By the latter we make the head clearer, and that is, after all, the great point to which all instruction ought to tend.

Now, the German grammar is better calculated than that of any other modern language, to reach these two ends. The German etymology and syntax contain a great many niceties which are well and clearly arranged in a system, and are well calculated to teach a person the rudiments of grammar, especially when his own grammar is so plain and simple as the English is. And in regard to the last point there is nothing to be compared with the German grammar, not even the Latin or the Greek. German grammarians have reduced their language into such a beautiful system of practical logic, that the result of their labor stands,

in merit, high above that of the grammarians of all other nations. Smith's English Grammar professes to be a fruit of that tree, but it is not. There are two English grammars, those of Mr. Green and of Mr. Scheib, which really have applied to English grammar the researches of those German philosophers, and it is to be hoped that their labors will be appreciated and carried out further. But even when Americans study their own language upon such principles, yet the study of the German grammar will, in the hands of a skilful teacher, remain an invaluable means of developing the mental faculties of the student.

The advantage just now spoken of, however, cannot be so easily understood and appreciated as that one, on account of which foreign languages on the whole generally are studied, viz., the access to a wider field in literature. Some persons may think that it is not necessary to study any foreign language at all for *this* reason, because the best works are always translated into English, and may therefore be studied without taking the trouble of learning to read them in the original. It is certainly well that these translations are published; it benefits those who cannot learn any language but their own, and those who are satisfied with skimming on the surface. But a mind which is

bent upon something more solid and more worthy of its divine origin, is not satisfied with this; it knows that there is quite a difference between reading the original and reading a translation.

Some persons say that Schlegel's translation of Shakspeare is better than the original; but they should say, it is "Shakspeare more in unison with our taste and modern civilization." It is not Shakspeare himself, with all the peculiarities of his century, of his country, and of his individuality. Every one of us has observed that a proverb or any other sentence is much more impressive in the original language, than when translated into another one. Let us, for instance, suppose we relate to an audience, that Cato used to add these words to every speech he made in the Roman senate: "Moreover, it is my opinion, Carthage must be destroyed." If a Latin scholar were present, would he not find that this sounded to him not half as impressive, as if we had said: "*Ceterum censeo Carthaginem esse delendam*"?

But it is not only this charm which is invariably connected with the consciousness of understanding a foreign language, that recommends its study; it is also the real usefulness. The books that are translated, are mostly such as are only of general interest, and as soon as we wish to read a foreign

book about some particular subject, we find that there is no translation of it to be had. In this respect the German language pays the student for his trouble of learning it, more amply than any other, for the German literature is so extremely rich, that only the English can compete with it. It is difficult to tell which of the two is the richest. I think, in a few departments the English is superior to the German, but the latter is, in several fields, much more extensively and successfully cultivated than the former.

By judging of the modern languages in this way, I believe we do no injustice to the Italians and Spaniards, for though the former may be proud of Dante and Ariosto, the latter of Calderon, Cervantes and others, yet their literature is too limited, especially in regard to sciences. The French language also, I hope, is not slighted by the opinion I have advanced; it seems to be generally acknowledged that the French poets do not come up to Shakspeare, Calderon, Goethe, and Schiller, and that the French scientific works are not so numerous and so various, and, with a few exceptions, not so valuable as the English and German.

Take what science you will, Theology, Metaphysics, Natural History, Geography, Chemistry, History, Astronomy; take what art you will, Music,

Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, — in every one of them the Germans can point out some of their countrymen that are to be classed among the noblest geniuses, practically in their profession, and theoretically as authors. It would take too much time to mention names, but I think it would also be superfluous, because a great many of them are known to Americans. It is not of late, that the literary world of America, England, and Germany, have extended to each other the hand of friendship. Schlegel, and his nation with him have been just, and have acknowledged Shakspeare to be the greatest poet that ever lived; and thus you are willing, for instance, to acknowledge that Alexander von Humboldt is, in his particular sphere, the greatest man the world has produced. I am convinced that a German can do nothing better than choose the English language, when he will study a foreign idiom for the sake of its literature, and that likewise the English and Americans ought to prefer the German to all other foreign languages.

My principal reason for believing the latter, I have not yet expressed. It is this: There is one trait in the German character which is peculiar to that nation, yea, even so peculiar that other nations have not a word in their language which signifies

and expresses it fully. We call it *Gemüth*, and that is in English not exactly mind, nor soul, nor heart, nor feeling, nor sentiment; it is *Gemüth*, and nothing else. It is, I think, one of the most beautiful traits in the character of man; it imprints upon him a tinge of childlike simplicity; it gives him depth of feeling; it gives him a yielding affability that enables him with equanimity to endure the hard dealings of his fellow-creatures and of fate; it endows him with the capacity of living happily in an ideal world. And this national peculiarity is imprinted upon our literature; this peculiarity is the reason why so many German authors seem to move you to such a degree, as no writer in any other language does. It is the reason why some German books cannot easily be translated into English. I happened a few days ago to peruse a translation of Jean Paul Richter's Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces, and was astonished to find such a difference between the English version and the original, though the translation, by itself, was not a bad one.

However, instead of expatiating upon this point, I think I had better give an example, and thus show by practical demonstration, what argument cannot elucidate so well. I wish, therefore, to read

to you a part of a little German story* which I have lately translated. If you are pleased with it, it will prove two things: first, that it is really so beautiful, that it is like a fine piece of music which you appreciate, though it be played upon a poor instrument and by unskilful hands. And, second, it will prove that the susceptibility of appreciating such a kind of writing is not limited to the Germans, but that in your heart, as well as in every other human breast, there are strings which reverberate gently, and tune the soul to harmony and delight, as soon as a skilful player touches them.

* What the Woods talk about.

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